

THE
WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ
VOLUME X.
BEING THE
FOURTH OF HIS LETTERS.



BERLIN,
Printed for FREDRICK NICOLAI Bookseller.
MDCCLXIV.

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ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

VOLUME X

BEING THE

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BERLIN

Printed for FREDERICK NISCHOLDT

1794

LETTERS

OF

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY:

From the Year

MDCCXXIX. to MDCCXXXII.

VOL. X.

A

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DR. SWIFT TO MR. GAY:

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A

Vol. K.



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Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY:

From the Year 1729 to 1732. 1)

LETTER I.

Dublin, March 19, 1729.

I Deny it. I do write to you according to the old stipulation, for, when you kept your old company, when I writ to one I writ to all. But I am ready to enter into a new bargain since you are got into a new world, and will answer all your letters. You are first to present my most humble respects to the Duchess of Queensbury, and let her know that I never dine without thinking of her, although it be with some difficulty that I can obey her when I dine with forks that have but two prongs, and when the sauce is not very consistent. You must likewise tell her Grace that she is a general Toast among all honest folks here, and particularly at the Deanery, even in the face of my Whig subjects. — I will leave my money in Lord Bathurst's hands, and the management of it (for want of better) in yours: and pray

1) Found among Mr. Gay's papers, and return'd to Dr. Swift by the Duke of Queensbury and Mr. Pope. P.

keep the interest-money in a bag wrapt up and sealed by itself, for fear of your own fingers under your carelessness. Mr. Pope talks of you as a perfect stranger; but the different pursuits and manners and interests of life, as fortune hath pleased to dispose them, will never suffer those to live together, who by their inclinations ought never to part. I hope when you are rich enough, you will have some little oeconomy of your own in town or country, and be able to give your friend a pint of Port, for the domestic season of life will come on. I had never much hopes of your vampt Play, although Mr. Pope seem'd to have, and although it were ever so good: But you should have done like the Parsons, and changed your Text, I mean the Title, and the names of the persons. After all, it was an effect of idleness, for you are in the prime of life, when invention and judgment go together. I wish you had 100 *l.* a year more for horses — I ride and walk whenever good weather invites, and am reputed the best walker in this town and five miles round. I writ lately to Mr. Pope: I wish you had a little Villakin in his neighbourhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any Lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan.

LETTER II.

Dublin, Nov. 10, 1730.

WHEN my Lord Peterborow in the Queen's time went abroad upon his Ambassies, the Ministry told me, that he was such a vagrant, they were forced to write *at* him by guess, because they

knew not where to write *to* him. This is my case with you; sometimes in Scotland, sometimes at Ham-walks, sometimes God knows where. You are a man of business, and not at leisure for insignificant correspondence. It was I got you the employment of being my Lord Duke's *premier Ministre*: for his Grace having heard how good a manager you were of my revenue, thought you fit to be entrusted with ten talents. I have had twenty times a strong inclination to spend a summer near Salisbury - downs, having rode over them more than once, and with a young parson of Salisbury reckoned twice the stones of Stonehenge, which are either ninety - two or ninety - three. I desire to present my most humble acknowledgements to my Lady Duchess in return of her civility. I hear an ill thing, that she is *matre pulchra filia pulchrior*: I never saw her since she was a girl, and would be angry she should excel her mother, who was long my principal Goddess. I desire you will tell her Grace, that the ill management of forks is not to be help'd when they are only bidental, which happens in all poor houses, especially those of Poets; upon which account a knife was absolutely necessary at Mr. Pope's, where it was morally impossible with a bidental fork to convey a morsel of beef, with the incumbrance of mustard and turnips, into your mouth at once. And her Grace hath cost me thirty pounds to provide Tridents for fear of offending her, which sum I desire she will please to return me. — I am sick enough to go to the Bath, but have not heard it will be good for my disorder. I have a strong mind to spend my 200 £. next summer in France: I am glad I have it, for there is hardly twice that sum left in this kingdom. You want no settlement (I call the family where you live, and the foot you are upon, a settlement)

till you increase your fortune to what will support you with ease and plenty, a good house and a garden. The want of this I much dread for you: For I have often known a She-cousin of a good family and small fortune, passing months among all her relations, living in plenty, and taking her circles, till she grew an old Maid, and every body weary of her. Mr. Pope complains of seldom seeing you; but the evil is unavoidable, for different circumstances of life have always separated those whom friendship would join: God hath taken care of this, to prevent any progress towards real happiness here, which would make life more desirable, and death too dreadful. I hope you have now one advantage that you always wanted before, and the want of which made your friends as uneasy as it did yourself; I mean the removal of that solicitude about your own affairs, which perpetually fill'd your thoughts and disturb'd your conversation. For if it be true what Mr. Pope seriously tells me, you will have opportunity of saving every groat of the interest you receive; and so by the time he and you grow weary of each other, you will be able to pass the rest of your wineless life, in ease and plenty, with the additional triumphal comfort of never having receiv'd a penny from those tasteless ungrateful people from whom you deserved so much, and who deserve no better Genius's than those by whom they are celebrated. — If you see Mr. Cesar, present my humble service to him, and let him know that the scrub Libel printed against me here, and re-printed in London, for which he shewed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by myself, and sent to a Whig-printer: It was in the style and genius of such scoundrels, when the humour of libelling ran in this strain against a friend of mine whom you know. — But my paper is ended.

LETTER III.

Dublin, Nov. 19, 1730.

I Writ to you a long letter about a fortnight past concluding you were in London, from whence I understood one of your former was dated: Nor did I imagine you were gone back to Aimsbury so late in the year, at which season I take the Country to be only a scene for those who have been ill used by a Court on account of their Virtues; which is a state of happiness the more valuable, because it is not accompanied by Envy, although nothing deserves it more. I would gladly sell a Dukedom to lose favour in the manner their Graces have done. I believe my Lord Carteret, since he is no longer Lieutenant, may not wish me ill, and I have told him often that I only hated him as Lieutenant: I confess he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than most of his predecessors, and I confess at the same time that he had, six times, a regard to my recommendation by preferring so many of my friends in the church; the two last acts of his favour were to add to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford, the last of whom was by you and Mr. Pope put into Mr. Pultney's hands. I told you in my last, that a continuance of giddiness (tho' not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at present. For in my case a domestic life is necessary, where I can with the Centurion say to my servant, Go, and he goeth, and Do this, and he doth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command, and consequently a Duchess is at this time the hatefulest Lady in the world to me, one only excepted, and I

beg her Grace's pardon for that exception, for, in the way I mean, her Grace is ten thousand times more hateful. I confess I begin to apprehend you will squander my money, because I hope you never less wanted it; and if you go on with success for two years longer, I fear I shall not have a farthing of it left. The Doctor hath ill-informed me, who says that Mr. Pope is at present the chief Poetical Favourite, yet Mr. Pope himself talks like a Philosopher and one wholly retir'd. But the vogue of our few honest folks here is, that Duck is absolutely to succeed Eusden in the laurel, the contention being between Concannen or Theobald, or some other Hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking, but the dubious state of your affairs in those days was too much the subject, and I wish the Duchess had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing so much contributed to my ease as the turn of affairs after the Queen's death; by which all my hopes being cut off, I could have no ambition left, unless I would have been a greater rascal than happened to suit with my temper. I therefore sat down quietly at my morsel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all succeeding Measures and Ministries by way of sauce to relish my meat: And I confess one point of conduct in my Lady Duchess's life hath added much poignancy to it. There is a good Irish practical bull towards the end of your letter, where you spend a dozen lines in telling me you must leave off, that you may give my Lady Duchess room to write, and so you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom; though I would have remitted you my 200 £. to have left place for as many more.

*To the Duchess.**M A D A M,*

My beginning thus low is meant as a mark of respect, like receiving your Grace at the bottom of the stairs. I am glad you know your duty; for it hath been a known and establish'd rule above twenty years in England, that the first advances have been constantly made me by all Ladies who aspir'd to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet, I know not by what weakness, I have condescended graciously to dispense with you upon this important article. Though Mr. Gay will tell you that a nameless person sent me eleven messages before I would yield to a visit: I mean a person to whom he is infinitely obliged, for being the occasion of the happiness he now enjoys under the protection and favour of my Lord Duke and your Grace. At the same time, I cannot forbear telling you, Madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You say, perhaps you shall not like me; I affirm you are mistaken, which I can plainly demonstrate: for I have certain intelligence, that another person dislikes me of late, with whose likings yours have not for some time past gone together. However, if I shall once have the honour to attend your Grace, I will out of fear and prudence appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needless: For Diogenes himself would be vain, to have received the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your Grace.

LETTER IV.

Dublin, April 13, 1731.

YOUR situation is an odd one; the Duchess is your Treasurer, and Mr. Pope tells me you are the Duke's. And I had gone a good way in some Verses on that occasion, prescribing lessons to direct your conduct, in a negative way, not to do so and so, &c. like other Treasures; how to deal with Servants, Tenants, or neighbouring Squires, which I take to be Courtiers, Parliaments, and Princes in alliance, and so the parallel goes on, but grows too long to please me: I prove that Poets are the fittest persons to be treasurers and managers to great persons, from their virtue, and contempt of money, &c. — Pray, why did you not get a new heel to your shoe? unless you would make your court at St. James's by affecting to imitate the Prince of Lilliput. — But the rest of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the Duchess, I shall say no more to you, but apply myself to her Grace.

Madam, since Mr. Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and since I have the same perfection; I will settle that matter immediately, to prevent those ill consequences he apprehends. Your Grace shall have your own way, in all places except your own house, and the domains about it. There and there only, I expect to have mine, so that you have all the world to reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houses in town and country. I will likewise, out of my special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right against all human kind, except myself, and to be never in the wrong but when you differ from

me. You shall have a greater privilege in the third article of speaking your mind; which I shall graciously allow you now and then to do even to myself, and only rebuke you when it does not please me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your Grace's letter, which having not read this fortnight (having been out of town, and not daring to trust myself with the carriage of it) the presumptuous manner in which you begin had flipt out of my memory. But I forgive you to the seventeenth line, where you begin to banish me for ever, by demanding me to answer all the good Character some partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived sixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermission of two summers in England; and consequently am fifty years older than I was at the Queen's death, and fifty-thousand times duller, and fifty-million times more peevish, perverse, and morose, so that under these disadvantages I can only pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about some twenty barrs length. Pray, Madam, have you a clear voice? and will you let me sit at your left hand at least within three of you, for of two bad ears, my right is the best? My Groom tells me that he likes your park, but your house is too little. Can the Parson of the parish play at backgammon, and hold his tongue? is any one of your Women a good nurse, if I should fancy myself sick for four and twenty-hours? how many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When these preliminaries are settled, I must be very poor, very sick, or dead, or to the last degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Aimsbury. For, I profess you are the first Lady that ever I desired to see, since the first of August 1714, and I have forgot the date when that desire grew strong upon me, but I know I was not then in England, else I would have gone

on foot for that happiness as far as to your house in Scotland. But I can soon recollect the time, by asking some Ladies here the month, the day, and the hour when I began to endure their company? which however I think was a sign of my ill judgment, for I do not perceive they mend in any thing but envying or admiring your Grace. I dislike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad spelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr. Gay found fault with, wherein you affront Mr. Gay, you affront me, and you affront yourself. False spelling is only excusable in a Chamber-maid, for I would not pardon it in any of your Waiting-women. — Pray God preserve your Grace and family, and give me leave to expect that you will be so just to remember me among those who have the greatest regard for virtue, goodness, prudence, courage and generosity; after which you must conclude that I am with the greatest respect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's most obedient and most humble servant, &c.

To Mr. G A Y.

I have just got yours of February 24, with a postscript by Mr. Pope. I am in great concern for him: I find Mr. Pope dictated to you the first part, and with great difficulty some days after added the rest. I see his weakness by his hand-writing. How much does his philosophy exceed mine? I could not bear to see him: I will write to him soon.

LETTER V.

Dublin, Jun. 29, 1731.

EVER since I receiv'd your letter, I have been upon a balance about going to England, and landing at Bristol, to pass a month at Aimsbury, as the Duchess hath given me leave. But many difficulties have interfered; first, I thought I had done with my law-suit, and so did all my lawyers, but my adversary, after being in appearance a Protestant these twenty years, hath declared he was always a Papist, and consequently by the law here, cannot buy nor (I think) sell; so that I am at sea again, for almost all I am worth. But I have still a worse evil; for the giddiness I was subject to, instead of coming seldom and violent, now constantly attends me more or less, tho' in a more peaceable manner, yet such as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy: and the Duchess, in all her youth, spirit, and grandeur, will make a very ill nurse, and her women not much better. Valetudinarians must live where they can command, and scold; I must have horses to ride, I must go to bed and rise when I please, and live where all mortals are subservient to me. I must talk nonsense when I please, and all who are present must commend it. I must ride thrice a week, and walk three or four miles besides, every day.

I always told you Mr. — was good for nothing but to be a rank Courtier. I care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may tell this to the Duchess, and I hate to see you so charitable, and

such a Cully; and yet I love you for it, because I am one myself.

You are the filliest lover in Christendom: If you like Mrs. — why do you not command her to take you? if she does not, she is not worth pursuing; you do her too much honour; she hath neither sense nor taste, if she dares to refuse you, though she had ten thousand pounds. I do not remember to have told you of thanks that you have not given, nor do I understand your meaning, and I am sure I had never the least thoughts of any myself. If I am your friend, it is for my own reputation, and from a principle of self-love, and I do sometimes reproach you for not honouring me by letting the world know we are friends.

I see very well how matters go with the Duchess in regard to me. I heard her say, Mr. Gay, fill your letter to the Dean, that there may be no room for me, the frolic is gone far enough, I have writ thrice, I will do no more; if the man has a mind to come, let him come; what a clutter is here? positively I will not write a syllable more. She is an ungrateful Duchess considering how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thousands she had before — I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth 7000 *l.* which will bring you 300 *per Annum*, and this will maintain you, with the perquisite of spunging while you are young, and when you are old will afford you a pint of port at night, two servants, and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink — provided you live in the country — Have you no scheme either in verse or prose? The Duchess should keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write; and so I have done with you.

Madam,

Since I began to grow old, I have found all ladies become inconstant, without any reproach from their conscience. If I wait on you, I declare that one of your women (which ever it is that has designs upon a Chaplain) must be my nurse, if I happen to be sick or peevish at your house, and I that case you must suspend your domineering - Claim till I recover. Your omitting the usual appendix to Mr. Gay's letters hath done me infinite mischief here; for while you continued them, you would wonder how civil the Ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered since. I dare not confess that I have descended so low as to write to your Grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but suspected it, I should lose them all. One of them, who had an inklin of the matter (your Grace will hardly believe it) refused to beg my pardon upon her knees, for once neglecting to make my rice-milk. — Pray, consider this, and do your duty, or dread the consequence. I promise you shall have your will six minutes every hour at Aimsbury, and seven in London, while I am in health: but if I happen to be sick, I must govern to a second. Yet properly speaking, there is no man alive with so much truth and respect your Grace's most obedient and devoted servant.

LETTER VI.

Aug. 28, 1731.

YOU and the Duchefs use me very ill, for, I profess, I cannot distinguish the style or the hand-writing of either. I think her Grace writes more like you than herself, and that you write more like her Grace than yourself. I would swear the beginning of your letter writ by the Duchefs, though it is to pass for yours; because there is a cursed lie in it, that she is neither young nor healthy, and besides it perfectly resembles the part she owns. I will likewise swear, that what I must suppose is written by the Duchefs, is your hand; and thus I am puzzled and perplexed between you, but I will go on in the innocency of my own heart. I am got eight miles from our famous metropolis, to a country Parson's, to whom I lately gave a City-living, such as an English Chaplain would leap at. I retired hither for the public good, having two great works in hand: One to reduce the whole politeness, wit, humour, and style of England into a short system, for the use of all persons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour 1) The other is of almost equal importance; I may call it the Whole duty of servants, in about twenty several stations, from the steward and waiting-woman down to the scullion and pantry-boy 2). — I believe no mortal had ever such fair Invitations, as to be happy in the best company of Eng-

1) *Wagstaff's Dialogues of polite Conversation*, published in his life time.

2) An imperfect thing of this kind, called *Directions to servants in general*, has been published since his death.

land. I wish I had liberty to print your letter with my own comments upon it. There was a fellow in Ireland, who from a shoe-boy grew to be several times one of the chief governors, wholly illiterate, and with hardly common sense: A Lord Lieutenant told the first King George, that he was the greatest subject he had in both kingdoms; and truly his character was gotten and preserved by his never appearing in England, which was the only wise thing he ever did, except purchasing sixteen thousand pounds a year — Why, you need not stare: it is easily apply'd: I must be absent, in order to preserve my credit with her Grace — Lo here comes in the Duchess again (I know her by her d d's; but am a fool for discovering my Art) to defend herself against my conjecture of what she said — Madam, I will imitate your Grace and write to you upon the same line. I own it is a base un-romantic spirit in me, to suspend the honour of waiting at your Grace's feet, till I can finish a paltry law-suit. It concerns indeed almost all my whole fortune; it is equal to half Mr. Pope's, and two thirds of Mr. Gay's, and about six weeks rent of your Grace's. This cursed accident hath drill'd away the whole summer. But, Madam, understand one thing, that I take all your ironical civilities in a literal sense, and whenever I have the honour to attend you, shall expect them to be literally performed: though perhaps I shall find it hard to prove your handwriting in a Court of justice; but that will not be much for your credit. How miserably hath your Grace been mistaken in thinking to avoid Envy by running into exile, where it haunts you more than ever it did even at Court? *Non te civitas, non Regia domus in exilium miserunt, sed tu utrasque.* So says Cicero (as your Grace knows) or so he might have said.

I am told that the Craftsmans in one of his papers is offended with the publishers of (I suppose) the last edition of the Dunciad; and I was asked whether you and Mr. Pope were as good friends to the new disgraced person as formerly? This I knew nothing of, but suppose it was the consequence of some mistake. As to writing, I look on you just in the prime of life for it, the very season when judgment and invention draw together. But schemes are perfectly accidental; some will appear barren of hints and matter, but prove to be fruitful; and others the contrary: And what you say, is past doubt, that every one can best find hints for himself: though it is possible that sometimes a friend may give you a lucky one just suited to your own imagination. But all this is almost past with me: my invention and judgment are perpetually at fifty-cuffs, till they have quite disabled each other; and the meereft trifles I ever wrote are serious philosophical lucubrations, in comparison to what I now busy myself about; as (to speak in the author's phrase) the world may one day see 3).

LETTER VII.

September 10, 1731.

IF your ramble was on horseback, I am glad of it on account of your health; but I know your arts of patching up a journey between stage-coaches and friends coaches: for you are as arrant a cockney as any hosier in Cheapside. One clean shirt with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make up your

3) His ludicrous prediction was, since his death, and very much to his dishonour, seriously fulfilled.

equipage; and as for a night-gown, it is clear from Homer, that Agamemnon rose without one. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours, that you ought to have some great work in scheme, which may take up seven years to finish, besides two or three under ones, that may add another thousand pound to your stock; and then I shall be in less pain about you. I know you can find dinners, but you love twelvepenny coaches too well, without considering that the interest of a whole thousand pounds brings you but half a crown a day. I find a greater longing than ever to come amongst you; and reason good, when I am teased with Dukes and Duchesses for a visit, all my demands comply'd with, and all excuses cut off. You remember, "O happy Don Quixotte! Queens held his horse, and Duchesses pulled off his armour," or something to that purpose. He was a mean-spirited fellow; I can say ten times more; O happy, &c. such a Duchess was designed to attend him, and such a Duke invited him to command his Palace. *Nam istos reges ceteros memorare nolo, hominum mendicabula*: go read your Plautus, and observe Strobilus vamping after he had found the pot of gold. — I will have nothing to do with that Lady: I have long hated her on your account, and the more, because you are so forgiving as not to hate her; however, she has good qualities enough to make her esteemed; but not one grain of feeling. I only wish she were a fool. — I have been several months writing near five hundred lines on a pleasant subject, only to tell what my friends and enemies will say on me after I am dead 4). I shall finish it soon, for I add two! lines every week, and

4) This has been published, and is amongst the best of his poems.

blot out four, and alter eight. I have brought in you and my other friends, as well as enemies and detractors. — It is a great comfort to see how corruption and ill conduct are instrumental in uniting Virtuous persons and Lovers of their country of all denominations: Whig and Tory, High and Low-church, as soon as they are left to think freely, all joining in opinion. If this be disaffection, pray God send me always among the disaffected! and I heartily wish you joy of your scurvy treatment at Court, which hath given you leisure to cultivate both public and private Virtue, neither of them likely to be soon met with within the walls of St. James's or Westminster. — But I must here dismiss you, that I may pay my acknowledgments to the Duke for the great honour he hath done me.

My Lord,

I could have sworn that my Pride would be always able to preserve me from Vanity; of which I have been in great danger to be guilty for some months past, first by the conduct of my Lady Duchess, and now by that of your Grace, which had like to finish the work: And I should have certainly gone about shewing my letters under the charge of secrecy to every blab of my acquaintance; if I could have the least hope of prevailing on any of them to believe that a man in so obscure a corner, quite thrown out of the present world, and within a few steps of the next, should receive such condescending invitations, from two such persons, to whom he is an utter stranger, and who know no more of him than what they have heard by the partial representations of a friend. But in the mean time, I must desire your Grace not to flatter yourself, that I waited for Your Consent to accept the invitation. I must be ignorant indeed not

to know, that the Duchess, ever since you met, hath been most politickly employ'd in encreasing those forces, and sharpening those arms with which she subdued you at first, and to which, the braver and the wiser you grow, you will more and more submit. Thus I knew myself on the secure side, and it was a mere piece of good manners to insert that clause, of which you have taken the advantage. But as I cannot forbear informing your Grace that the Duchess's great secret in her art of government, hath been to reduce both your wills into one; so I am content, in due observance to the forms of the world, to return my most humble thanks to your Grace for so great a favour as you are pleased to offer me, and which nothing but impossibilities shall prevent me from receiving, since I am, with the greatest reason, truth, and respect, my Lord, your Grace's most obedient, &c.

Madam,

I have consulted all the learned in occult sciences of my acquaintance, and have sat up eleven nights to discover the meaning of these two hieroglyphical lines in your Grace's hand at the bottom of the last Aimsbury letter, but all in vain. Only 'tis agreed, that the language is Coptic, and a very profound Behmist assures me, the style is poetic, containing an invitation from a very great person of the female sex to a strange kind of man whom she never saw; and this is all I can find, which after so many former invitations, will ever confirm me in that respect, where-with I am, Madam, your Grace's most obedient, &c.

LETTER VIII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Decemb. 1, 1731.

YOU us'd to complain that Mr. Pope and I would not let you speak: you may now be even with me, and take it out in writing. If you don't send to me now and then, the post-office will think me of no consequence, for I have no correspondent but you. You may keep as far from us as you please, you cannot be forgotten by those who ever knew you, and therefore please me by sometimes shewing that I am not forgot by you. I have nothing to take me off from my friendship to you: I seek no new acquaintance, and court no favour; I spend no shillings in coaches or chairs to levees or great visits, and, as I don't want the assistance of some that I formerly convers'd with, I will not so much as seem to seek to be a dependant. As to my studies, I have not been entirely idle, though I cannot say that I have yet perfected any thing. What I have done is something in the way of those fables I have already publish'd. All the money I get is by saving, so that by habit there may be some hopes (if I grow richer) of my becoming a miser. All misers have their excuses; the motive to my parsimony is independance. If I were to be represented by the Duchess (she is such a downright niggard for me) this character might not be allow'd me; but I really think I am covetous enough for any who lives at the court-end of the town, and who is as poor as myself: for I don't pretend that I am equally saving with S — k.

Mr. Lewis desired you might be told that he hath five pounds of yours in his hands, which he fancies you may have forgot, for he will hardly allow that a Verse-man can have a just knowledge of his own affairs. When you got rid of your law-suit, I was in hopes that you had got your own, and was free from every vexation of the law; but Mr. Pope tells me you are not entirely out of your perplexity, though you have the security now in your own possession; but still your case is not so bad as Captain Gulliver's, who was ruined by having a decree for him with costs. I have had an injunction for me against pirating-book-sellers, which I am sure to get nothing by, and will, I fear, in the end drain me of some money. When I began this prosecution, I fancy'd there would be some end of it; but the law still goes on, and 'tis probable I shall some time or other see an Attorney's bill as long as the Book. Poor Duke Disney is dead, and hath left what he had among his friends, among whom are Lord Bolingbroke 500 l. Mr. Pelham 500 l. Sir William Wyndham's youngest son, 500 l. Gen. Hill, 500 l. Lord Massam's son, 500 l.

You have the good wishes of those I converse with; they know they gratify me, when they remember you; but I really think they do it purely for your own sake. I am satisfied with the love and friendship of good men, and envy not the demerits of those who are most conspicuously distinguish'd. Therefore as I set a just value upon your friendship, you cannot please me more than letting me now and then know that you remember me (the only satisfaction of distant friends!)

P. S. Mr. Gay's is a good letter, mine will be a very dull one; and yet what you will think the worst of it, is what should be its excuse, that I write in a head-ach that has lasted three days. I am never ill

but I think of your ailments, and repine that they mutually hinder our being together; tho' in one point I am apt to differ from you, for you shun your friends when you are in those circumstances, and I desire them; your way is the more generous, mine the more tender. Lady — took your letter very kindly, for I had prepared her to expect no answer under a twelve-month; but kindness perhaps is a word not applicable to courtiers. However she is an extraordinary woman there, who will do you common justice. For God's sake why all this scruple about Lord B — 's keeping your horses, who has a park; or about my keeping you on a pint of wine a day? We are infinitely richer than you imagine; John Gay shall help me to entertain you, tho' you come like King Lear with fifty knights — Tho' such prospects as I wish, cannot now be formed for fixing you with us, time may provide better before you part again: the old Lord may die; the benefice may drop, or, at worst, you may carry me into Ireland. You will see a work of Lord B — 's and one of mine: which, with a just neglect of the present age, consult only posterity; and, with a noble scorn of politics, aspire to philosophy. I am glad you resolve to meddle no more with the low concerns and interests of Parties, even of Countries (for Countries are but larger parties) *Quid verum atque decens curare, et rogare, nostrum sit.* I am much pleased with your design upon Rochefoucault's maxim, pray finish it 5). I am happy whenever you join our names together: so would Dr. Arbuthnot be, but at this time he can be pleas'd with nothing: for his darling son is dying in all

5) The Poem on his own death, formed upon a maxim of Rochefoucault. It is one of the best of his Performances. But very characteristic.

all probability, by the melancholy account I received this morning.

The paper you ask me about is of little value. It might have been a seasonable satire upon the scandalous language and passion with which men of condition have stoop'd to treat one another: surely they sacrifice too much to the people, when they sacrifice their own characters, families, &c. to the diversion of that rabble of readers. I agree with you in my contempt of most popularity, fame, &c. even as a writer I am cool in it, and whenever you see what I am now writing, you'll be convinced I would please but a few, and (if I could) make mankind less Admirers, and greater Reasoners *r*). I study much more to render my own portion of Being easy, and to keep this peevish frame of the human body in good humour. Infirmities have not quite unmann'd me, and it will delight you to hear they are not increas'd, tho' not diminish'd. I thank God, I do not very much want people to attend me, tho' my Mother now cannot. When I am sick, I lie down: when I am better, I rise up: I am used to the head-ach, &c. If greater pains arrive (such as my late rheumatism) the servants bathe and plaster me, or the surgeon scarifies me, and I bear it, because I must. This is the evil of Nature, not of Fortune. I am just now as well as when you was here: I pray God you were no worse. I sincerely wish my life were past near you, and, such as it is, I would not repine at it.-- All you mention remember you, and wish you here.

r) The Poem he means is the *Essay on Man*. But this point he could never gain: His readers would *admire* his poetry, in spite of him, and would not understand his *reasoning* after all his pains.

LETTER IX.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY.

Dublin, May. 4, 1732.

I Am now as lame as when you writ your letter, and almost as lame as your letter itself, for want of that limb from my Lady Duchefs, which you promis'd, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a condition to make a true step even on Aimsbury Downs, and I declare that a corporeal false step is worse than a political one; nay worse than a thousand political ones, for which I appeal to Courts and Ministers, who hobble on and prosper, without the sense of feeling. To talk of riding and walking is insulting me, for I can as soon fly as do either. It is your pride or laziness, more than chair-hire, that makes the town expensive. No honour is lost by walking in the dark; and in the day, you may beckon a black-guard-boy under a gate, near your visiting place, (*experto crede*) save eleven pence, and get half a crown's worth of health. The worst of my present misfortune is, that I eat and drink, and can digest neither for want of exercise; and, to encrease my misery, the knaves are sure to find me at home, and make huge void spaces in my cellars. I congratulate with you, for losing your Great acquaintance; in such a case, philosophy teaches that we must submit, and be content with Good ones. I like Lord Cornbury's refusing his pension, but I demur at his being elected for Oxford; which, I conceive, is wholly changed; and entirely devoted to new principles; so it appeared to me the two last times I was there.

I find by the whole cast of your letter, that you are as giddy and as volatile as ever, just the reverse of Mr. Pope, who hath always loved a domestic life from his youth. I was going to wish you had some little place that you could call your own, but, I profess, I do not know you well enough to contrive any one system of life that would please you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the Duchesses, yet, from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you always joined a violent desire of perpetually shifting places and company, with a rooted laziness, and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and six horses is the utmost exercise you can bear, and this only when you can fill it with such company as is best suited to your taste, and how glad would you be if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting? while I, who am so much later in life, can, or at least could, ride 500 miles on a trotting horse. You mortally hate writing, only because it is the thing you chiefly ought to do; as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you easy in your fortune: You are merciful to every thing but money, your best friend, whom you treat with inhumanity. Be assured, I will hire people to watch all your motions, and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your Absence of mind? can you attend to trifles? can you at Aimsbury write domestic libels to divert the family and neighbouring squires for five miles round? or venture so far on horseback, without apprehending a stumble at every step? can you set the foot-men a-laughing as they wait at dinner? and do the Duchesses's women admire your wit? in what esteem are you with the Vicar of the parish? can you play with him at back-gammon? have the farmers found out that you cannot distinguish rye from barley, or an oak from a crab-tree?

You are sensible that I know the full extent of your country skill is in fishing for Roaches, or Gudgeons at the highest.

I love to do you good offices with your friends, and therefore desire you will show this letter to the Duchess, to improve her Grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how useful you are like to be in the family. Her grace shall have the honour of my correspondence again when she goes to Aimsbury. Hear a piece of Irish news, I buried the famous General Meredyth's father last night in my Cathedral, he was ninety-six years old: so that Mrs. Pope may live seven years longer. You saw Mr. Pope in health, pray is he generally more healthy than when I was amongst you? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day? My stint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night, but I often dine at home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you, for I would have society, if I could get what I like, people of middle understanding, and middle rank.

Adieu.

LETTER X.

Dublin, July 10, 1732.

I Had your letter by Mr. Ryves a long time after the date, for I suppose he stayed long in the way. I am glad you determine upon something; there is no writing I esteem more than Fables, nor any thing so difficult to succeed in, which however you have done excellently well, and I have often admir'd

your happiness in such kind of performances which I have frequently endeavour'd at in vain. I remember I acted as you seem to hint; I found a Moral first and studied for a Fable, but could do nothing that pleased me, and so left off that scheme for ever. I remember one, which was to represent what scoundrels rise in Armies by a long War, wherein I suppos'd the Lion was engaged, and having lost all his animals of worth, at last Serjeant Hog came to be Brigadier, and Corporal Afs a Colonel, &c. I agree with you likewise about getting something by the stage, which, when it succeeds, is the best crop for poetry in England: But, pray, take some new scheme, quite different from any thing you have already touched. The present humour of the players, who hardly (as I was told in London,) regard any new play, and your present situation at the Court, are the difficulties to be overcome; but those circumstances may have altered (at least the former) since I left you. My scheme was to pass a month at Aimsbury, and then go to Twickenham, and live a Winter between that and Dawley, and sometimes at Risks, without going to London, where I now can have no occasional lodgings: But I am not yet in any condition for such removals. I would fain have you get enough against you grow old, to have two or three servants about you and a convenient house. It is hard to want those *subsidia senectutis*, when a man grows hard to please, and few people care whether he be pleased or no. I have a large house, yet I should hardly prevail to find one visiter, if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine: so that, when I am not abroad on horseback, I generally dine alone, and am thankful, if a friend will pass the evening with me. I am now with the remainder of my pint before me, and so here's your health —

and the second and chief is to my Tunbridge acquaintance, my Lady Ducheſs — and I tell you that I fear my Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope (a couple of Philoſophers) would ſtarve me, for even of port wine I ſhould require half a pint a day, and as much at night: and you were growing as bad, unleſs your Duke and Ducheſs have mended you. Your colic is owing to intemperance of the philoſophical kind; you eat without care, and if you drink leſs than I, you drink too little. But your inattention I cannot pardon, becauſe I imagined the cauſe was removed, for I thought it lay in your forty millions of ſchemes by Court-hopes and Court-fears. Yet Mr. Pope has the ſame defect, and it is of all others the moſt mortal to converſation; neither is my Lord Bolingbroke untinged with it: all for want of my rule, *Vive la bagatelle!* but the Doctor is the King of Inattention. What a vexatious life ſhould I lead among you? If the Ducheſs be a *revenue*, I will never come to Aimsbury; or, if I do, I will run away from you both, to one of her women, and the ſteward and chaplain.

Madam,

I mentioned ſomething to Mr. Gay of a Tunbridge-acquaintance, whom we forget of courſe when we return to town, and yet I am aſſured that if they meet again next ſummer, they have a better title to reſume their commerce. Thus I look on my right of correſponding with your Grace to be better eſtabliſh'd upon your return to Aimsbury; and I ſhall at this time deſcend to forget, or at leaſt ſuſpend my reſentments of your neglect all the time you were in London. I ſtill keep in my heart, that Mr. Gay had no ſooner turned his back, than you left the place

in his letter void which he had commanded you to fill: though your guilt confounded you so far, that you wanted presence of mind to blot out the last line, where that command stared you in the face. But it is my misfortune to quarrel with all my acquaintance, and always come by the worst; and fortune is ever against me, but never so much as by pursuing me out of mere partiality to your Grace, for which you are to answer. By your connivance, she hath pleased, by one stumble on the stairs, to give me a lameness that six months have not been able perfectly to cure: and thus I am prevented from revenging myself by continuing a month at Aimsbury, and breeding confusion in your Grace's family. No disappointment through my whole life hath been so vexatious by many degrees; and God knows whether I shall ever live to see the invisible Lady to whom I was obliged for so many favours, and whom I never beheld since she was a bratt in hanging-sleeves. I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's most obedient, and most humble, &c.

LETTER XI.

Dublin, Aug. 12, 1732.

I Know not what to say to the account of your Stewardship, and it is monstrous to me that the South-sea should pay half their debts at one clap. But I will send for the money when you put me into the way, for I shall want it here, my affairs being in a bad condition by the miseries of the kingdom, and my own private fortune being wholly embroiled,

and worse than ever; so that I shall soon petition the Duchess, as an object of charity, to lend me three or four thousand pounds to keep up my dignity. My one hundred pound will buy me six hogsheads of wine, which will support me a year; *provisæ frugis in annum Copia*. Horace desired no more; for I will construe *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get some lucky hint, which must come by chance, and it shall be a thing of importance, *quod & hunc in annum vivat & in plures*, and you shall not finish it in haste, and it shall be diverting, and usefully satirical, and the Duchess shall be your critic; and betwixt you and me, I do not find she will grow weary of you till this time seven years. I had lately an offer to change for an English living, which is just too short by 300 *l.* a year: and that must be made up out of the Duchess's pin-money before I can consent. I want to be Minister of Aimsbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riskins, and Prebendary of Westminster, else I will not stir a step, but content myself with making the Duchess miserable three months next summer. But I keep ill company: I mean the Duchess and you, who are both out of favour; and so I find am I, by a few verses wherein Pope and you have your parts. You hear Dr. D — y has got a wife with 1600 *l.* a year; I, who am his governor, cannot take one under two thousand; I wish you would enquire of such a one in your neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly books! I profess I envy you above all men in England; you want nothing but three thousand pound more, to keep you in plenty when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which last evil at Aimsbury, you must learn to domineer and be peevish, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct the servants, with some other lessons, which I shall teach you,

and always practised myself with success. I believe I formerly desired to know whether the Vicar of Aimsbury can play at back-gammon? pray ask him the question, and give him my service.

To the Duchess.

M A D A M,

I was the most unwary creature in the world, when, against my old maxims, I writ first to you upon your return to Tunbridge. I beg that this condescension of mine may go no farther, and that you will not pretend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man cured of any Inattention, although the pretended causes were removed. When I was with Mr. Gay last in London, talking with him on some poetical subjects, he would answer; "Well, I am determined not to accept the employment of Gentleman-usher:" and of the same disposition were all my poetical friends, and if you cannot cure him, I utterly despair. — As to yourself, I will say to you (though comparisons be odious) what I said to the —, that your quality should be never any motive of esteem to me: My compliment was then lost, but it will not be so to you. For I know you more by any one of your letters than I could by six months conversing. Your pen is always more natural and sincere and unaffected than your tongue; in writing you are too lazy to give yourself the trouble of acting a part, and have indeed acted so indiscreetly that I have you at mercy: and although you should arrive to such a height of immorality as to deny your hand, yet, whenever I produce it, the world will unite in swearing this must come from you only.

I will answer your question. Mr. Gay is not discreet enough to live alone, but he is too discreet to live alone; and yet (unless you mend him) he will live alone even in your Grace's company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the subject of bread and butter, is the most usual thing in the world; Parliaments, Courts, Cities, and Kingdoms quarrel for no other cause; from hence, and from hence only arise all the quarrels between Whig and Tory; between those who are in the Ministry, and those who are out; between all pretenders to employment in the Church, the Law, and the Army: even the common proverb teaches you this, when we say, It is none of my bread and butter, meaning it is no business of mine. Therefore I despair of any reconciliation between you till the affair of bread and butter be adjusted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If Mahomet should come to the mountain, how happy would an excellent lady be, who lives a few miles from this town? As I was telling of Mr. Gay's way of living at Aimsbury, she offered fifty guineas to have you both at her house for one hour over a bottle of Burgundy, which we were then drinking. To your question I answer, that your Grace should pull me by the sleeve till you tore it off, and when you said you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think (according to another proverb) that you tore my cloaths to keep me from going. I never will believe one word you say of my Lord Duke, unless I see three or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of yours. I have a concern in the whole family, and Mr. Gay must give me a particular account of every branch, for I am not ashamed of you tho' you be Duke and Duchesse, tho' I have been of others who are, &c. and I do not doubt but even your own servants love you, even

down to your postilions; and when I come to Aimsbury, before I see your Grace I will have an hour's conversation with the Vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you talk to Goody Dobson and all the neighbours, as if you were their equal, and that you were godmother to her son Jacky.

I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect,
your Grace's most obedient, &c.

LETTER XII.

Dublin, Octob. 3, 1731.

I Usually write to friends after a pause of a few weeks, that I may not interrupt them in better company, better thoughts, and better diversions. I believe I have told you of a great Man, who said to me, that he never once in his life receiv'd a good letter from Ireland: for which there are reasons enough without affronting our understandings. For there is not one person out of this country, who regards any events that pass here, unless he hath an estate or employment. — I cannot tell that you or I ever gave the least provocation to the present Ministry, and much less to the Court; and yet I am ten times more out of favour than you. For my own part, I do not see the politic of opening common letters, directed to persons generally known: for a man's understanding would be very weak to convey secrets by the post, if he knew any, which, I declare, I do not: and besides I think the world is already so well informed by plain events, that I question whether the Ministers have any secrets at all. Neither would I be under any apprehension if a letter

should be sent me full of treason; because I cannot hinder people from writing what they please, nor sending it to me; and although it should be discover'd to have been open'd before it came to my hand, I would only burn it and think no further. I approve of the scheme you have to grow somewhat richer, though, I agree, you will meet with discouragements; and it is reasonable you should, considering what kind of pens are at this time only employed and encouraged. For you must allow that the bad painter was in the right, who, having painted a cock, drove away all the cocks and hens, and even the chickens, for fear those who passed by his shop might make a comparison with his work. And I will say one thing in spite of the Post-officers, that since Wit and Learning began to be made use of in our kingdoms, they were never professedly thrown aside, contemned, and punished, till within your own memory; nor Dulness and Ignorance ever so openly encouraged and promoted. In answer to what you say of my living among you, if I could do it to my ease; perhaps you have heard of a scheme for an exchange in Berkshire proposed by two of our friends; but, besides the difficulty of adjusting certain circumstances, it would not answer. I am at a time of life that seeks ease and independence; you'll hear my reasons when you see those friends, and I concluded them with saying; That I would rather be a freeman among slaves, than a slave among freemen. The dignity of my present station damps the pertness of inferior puppies and squires, which, without plenty and ease on your side the channel, would break my heart in a month.

M A D A M,

See what it is to live where I do. I am utterly ignorant of that same Strado del Poe; and yet, if that Author be against lending or giving money, I cannot but think him a good Courtier; which, I am sure, your Grace is not, no not so much as to be a Maid of honour. For I am certainly informed, that you are neither a freethinker, nor can sell bargains; that you can neither spell, nor talk, nor write, nor think like a Courtier; that you pretend to be respected for qualities which have been out of fashion ever since you were almost in your cradle; that your contempt for a fine petticoat is an infallible mark of disaffection; which is further confirmed by your ill taste for Wit, in preferring two old-fashion'd poets before Duck or Cibber. Besides, you spell in such a manner as no court-lady can read, and write in such an old-fashioned style as none of them can understand. — You need not be in pain about Mr. Gay's stock of health. I promise you he will spend it all upon laziness, and run deep in debt by a winter's repose in town; therefore I entreat your Grace will order him to move his chops less and his legs more the six cold months, else he will spend all his money in physic and coachhire. I am in much perplexity about your Grace's declaration, of the manner in which you dispose what you call your love and respect, which, you say, are not paid to Merit but to your own Humour. Now, Madam, my misfortune is, that I have nothing to plead but abundance of Merit, and there goes an ugly observation, that the Humour of ladies is apt to change. Now, Madam, if I should go to Aimsbury with a great load of merit, and your Grace happen to be out of humour, and will not purchase my merchandize at the price of

your respect, the goods may be damaged, and no body else will take them off my hands. Besides, you have declared Mr. Gay to hold the first part, and I but the second; which is hard treatment, since I shall be the newest acquaintance by some years; and I will appeal to all the rest of your sex, whether such an innovation ought to be allowed? I should be ready to say in the common forms, that I was much obliged to the Lady who wish'd she could give the best living, &c. if I did not vehemently suspect it was the very same Lady who spoke many things to me in the same style, and also with regard to the gentleman at your elbow when you writ, whose Dupe he was, as well as of her Waiting-woman; but they were both arrant knaves, as I told him and a third friend, though they will not believe it to this day. I desire to present my most humble respects to my Lord Duke, and with my heartiest prayer for the prosperity of the whole family, remain your Grace's, &c.

LETTER XIII.

To Mr. P O P E.

Dublin, June 12, 1731.

I Doubt, habit hath little power to reconcile us with sickness attended by pain. With me, the lowness of spirits hath a most unhappy effect; I am grown less patient with solitude, and harder to be pleas'd with company; which I could formerly better digest, when I could be easier without it than at present. As to sending you any thing that I have writ-

ten since I left you (either verse or prose) I can only say, that I have order'd by my Will, that all my Papers of any kind shall be deliver'd you to dispose of as you please. I have several things that I have had schemes to finish, or to attempt, but I very foolishly put off the trouble, as sinners do their repentance: for I grow every day more averse from writing, which is very natural, and, when I take a pen, say to myself a thousand times, *non est tanti*. As to those papers of four or five years past, that you are pleas'd to require soon; they consist of little accidental things writ in the country; family amusements, never intended further than to divert ourselves and some neighbours: or some effects of anger on Public Grievances here, which would be insignificant out of this kingdom. Two or three of us had a fancy, three years ago, to write a Weekly paper, and call it an Intelligencer. But it continued not long; for the whole Volume (it was re-printed in London, and, I find, you have seen it) was the work only of two, myself and Dr. Sheridan. If we could have got some ingenious young man to have been the manager, who should have published all that might be sent to him, it might have continued longer, for there were hints enough. But the Printer here could not afford such a young man one farthing for his trouble, the sale being so small, and the price one half-penny; and so it dropt. In the Volume you saw (to answer your questions) the 1, 3, 5, 7, were mine. Of the 8th I writ only the Verses, (very uncorrect, but against a fellow we all hated) the 9th mine, the 10th only the Verses, and of those not the four last slovenly lines; the 15th is a Pamphlet of mine printed before with Dr. Sh — 's Preface, merely for laziness not to disappoint the town; and so was the 19th, which contains only a parcel of

facts relating purely to the miseries of Ireland, and wholly useless and unentertaining. As to other things of mine since I left you; there are in prose a View of the State of Ireland; a Project for eating Children; and a Defence of Lord Carteret; in verse a Libel on Dr. D — and Lord Carteret; a Letter to Dr. D — on the Libels writ against him; the Barrack (a stolen Copy) the Lady's Journal; the Lady's Dressing-room (a stolen Copy) the Plea of the Damn'd (a stolen copy;) all these have been printed in London. (I forgot to tell you that the Tale of Sir Ralph was sent from England.) Besides these there are five or six (perhaps more) Papers of Verses writ in the North, but perfect Family-things, two or three of which may be tolerable; the rest but indifferent, and the humour only local, and some that would give offence to the times. Such as they are, I will bring them, tolerable or bad, if I recover this lameness, and live long enough to see you either here or there. I forget again to tell you, that the Scheme of paying Debts by a Tax on Vices, is not one syllable mine, but of a young Clerge-man whom I countenance; he told me it was built upon a passage in Gulliver, where a Projector hath something upon the same Thought. This young Man is the most hopeful we have: a book of his Poems was printed in London; Dr. D — is one of his Patrons: he is marry'd and has children, and makes up about 100 *l.* a year, on which he lives decently. The utmost stretch of his ambition is, to gather up as much superfluous money as will give him a sight of you, and half an hour of your presence; after which he will return home in full satisfaction, and in proper time die in peace.

My poetical fountain is drain'd, and I profess, I grow gradually so dry, that a Rhime with me is almost as hard to find as a Guinea; and even Prose

speculations, tire me almost as much. Yet I have a thing in prose, begun above twenty-eight years ago, and almost finish'd. It will make a four-shilling Volume, and is such a perfection of folly, that you shall never hear of it till it is printed, and then you shall be left to guess *1*). Nay I have another of the same age, which will require a long time to perfect, and is worse than the former, in which I will serve you the same way. I heard lately from Mr. —, who promises to be less lazy in order to mend his fortune. But women who live by their beauty, and men by their wit, are seldom provident enough to consider that both Wit and Beauty will go off with years, and there is no living upon the credit of what is past.

I am in great concern to hear of my Lady Bolingbroke's ill health returned upon her, and, I doubt, my Lord will find Dawley too solitary without her. In that, neither he nor you are companions young enough for me, and, I believe, the best part of the reason why men are said to grow children when they are old, is because they cannot entertain themselves with thinking; which is the very case of little boys and girls, who love to be noisy among their play-fellows. I am told Mrs. Pope is without pain, and I have not heard of a more gentle decay, without uneasiness to herself or friends; yet I cannot but pity you, who are ten times the greater sufferer, by having the person you most love, so long before you, and dying daily; and I pray God it may not affect your mind or your health.

1) Polite Conversation.

VOL. X.

D

LETTER XIV.

Mr. P O P E to Dr. S W I F T.

Dec. 5, 1732.

IT is not a time to complain that you have not answered me two letters (in the last of which I was impatient under some fears :) It is not now indeed a time to think of myself, when one of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had, is broken all on a sudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the Duke of Queensbury's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will. — Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's self the least of all.

I shall never see you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the most amiable by far, his qualities were the gentlest; but I love you as well and as firmly.

2) "On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death: Received December 15, but not read till the 20th, by an Impulse, foreboding some Misfortune." (This note is indors'd on the original letter in Dr. Swift's hand.) P.

Would to God the man we have lost had not been so amiable, nor so good! but that's a wish for our own sakes, not for his. Sure if Innocence and Integrity can deserve Happiness, it must be his. Adieu, I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it. Yet write to me, and soon. Believe no man now living loves you better, I believe no man ever did, than.

A. P O P E.

Dr. Arbuthnot, whose humanity you know, heartily commends himself to you. All possible diligence and affection has been shown, and continued attendance on this melancholy occasion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly disconsolate.

Dear Sir,

I am sorry that the renewal of our correspondence should be upon such a melancholy occasion. Poor Mr. Gay died of an inflammation, and, I believe, at last a mortification of the bowels; it was the most precipitate case I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two Physicians besides myself. I believed the distemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had the pleasure of a line from you these two years; I wrote one about your health, to which I had no answer. I wish you all health and happiness, being with great affection and respect, Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER XV.

Dublin, 1732 - 3.

I Received yours with a few lines from the Doctor, and the account of our losing Mr. Gay, upon which event I shall say nothing. I am only concern'd that long living hath not hardened me: for even in this kingdom and in a few days past, two persons of great merit, whom I loved very well, have died in the prime of their years, but a little above thirty. I would endeavour to comfort myself upon the loss of friends, as I do upon the loss of money; by turning to my account-book, and seeing whether I have enough left for my support; but in the former case I find I have not, any more than in the other; and I know not any man who is in greater likelihood than myself to die poor and friendless. You are a much greater loser than me by his death, as being a more intimate friend, and often his companion; which latter I could never hope to be, except perhaps once more in my life for a piece of a summer. I hope he hath left you the care of any writings he may have left, and I wish, that, with those already extant, they could be all published in a fair edition under your inspection. Your Poem on the Use of Riches hath been just printed here, and we have no objection but the obscurity of several passages by our ignorance in facts and persons, which makes us lose abundance of the Satire. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honestly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them; and writ explanatory notes, which however would have been but few, for my long absence hath made me igno-

rant of what passes out of the scene were I am. I never had the least hint from you about this work, any more than of your former, upon Taste. We are told here, that you are preparing other pieces of the same bulk to be inscribed to other friends, one (for Instance) to my Lord Bolingbroke, another to Lord Oxford, and so on. — Doctor Delany presents you his most humble service: he behaves himself very commendably, converses only with his former friends, makes no parade, but entertains them constantly at an elegant plentiful table, walks the streets as usual, by day-light, does many acts of charity and generosity, cultivates a country-house two miles distant, and is one of those very few within my knowledge, on whom a great access of fortune hath made no manner of change. And particularly he is often without money, as he was before. We have got my Lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill condition of his estate by the knavery of an Agent; he is a most worthy Gentleman, whom, I hope, you will be acquainted with. I am very much obliged by your favour to Mr. P —, which, I desire, may continue no longer than he shall deserve by his Modesty, a virtue I never knew him to want, but is hard for young men to keep, without abundance of ballast. If you are acquainted with the Duchess of Queensbury, I desire you will present her my most humble service: I think she is a greater loser by the death of a friend than either of us. She seems a Lady of excellent sense and spirit. I had often Postscripts from her in our friend's letters to me, and her part was sometimes longer than his, and they made up great part of the little happiness I could have here. This was the more generous, because I never saw her since she was a girl of five years old, nor did I envy poor Mr. Gay for any thing so much.

as being a domestic friend to such a Lady. I desire you will never fail to send me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly enquire about Mrs. Pope, who, I am told, is but just among the living, and consequently a continual grief to you: she is sensible of your tenderness, which robs her of the only happiness she is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her; you cannot lengthen her days, and I beg she may not shorten yours.

LETTER XVI.

Febr. 16, 1732-3.

IT is indeed impossible to speak on such a subject as the loss of Mr. Gay, to me an irreparable one. But I send you what I intend for the inscription on his tomb, which the Duke of Queensbury will set up at Westminster. As to his writings, he left no Will nor spoke a word of them, or any thing else, during his short and precipitate illness, in which I attended him to his last breath. The Duke has acted more than the part of a brother to him, and it will be strange if the sisters do not leave his papers totally to his disposal, who will do the same that I would with them. He has managed the Comedy (which our poor friend gave to the playhouse the week before his death) to the utmost advantage for his relations; and proposes to do the same with some Fables he left finished.

There is nothing of late which I think of more than Mortality, and what you mention, of collecting the best monuments we can of our friends, their own images in their writings: (for those are the best,

when their 'minds are such as Mr. Gay's was, and as yours is.) I am preparing also for my own, and have nothing so much at heart, as to shew the silly world that men of Wit, or even Poets, may be the most moral of mankind. A few loose things sometimes fall from them, by which censorious fools judge as ill of them as possibly they can, for their own comfort: and indeed, when such unguarded and trifling *Jeux d'Esprit* have once got abroad, all that prudence or repentance can do, since they cannot be deny'd, is to put 'em fairly upon that foot; and teach the public (as we have done in the preface to the four volumes of Miscellanies) to distinguish betwixt our studies and our idlenesses, our works and our weaknesses. That was the whole end of the last Vol. of Miscellanies, without which our former declaration in that preface, "That these volumes" contained all that we have ever offended in that way," would have been discredited. It went indeed to my heart, to omit what you called the Libel on Dr. D —, and the best Panegyric on myself, that either my own times or any other could have afforded or will ever afford to me. The book, as you observe, was printed in great haste; the cause whereof was, that the booksellers here were doing the same, in collecting your pieces, the corn with the chaff; I don't mean that any thing of yours is chaff, but with other wit of Ireland which was so, and the whole in your name. I meant principally to oblige them to separate what you writ seriously from what you writ carelessly; and thought my own weeds might pass for a sort of wild flowers, when bundled up with them.

It was I that sent you those books into Ireland, and so I did my Epistle to Lord Bathurst even before

it was publish'd, and another thing of mine, which is a 3) Parody from Horace, writ in two mornings. I never took more care in my life of any thing than of the former of these, nor less than of the latter: yet every friend has forced me to print it, tho' in truth my own single motive was about twenty lines towards the latter end, which you will find out.

I have declined opening to you by letters the whole scheme of my present Work, expecting still to do it in a better manner in person: but you will see pretty soon, that the letter to Lord Bathurst is a part of it, and you will find a plain connexion between them, if you read them in the order just contrary to that they were publish'd in. I imitate those cunning tradesmen, who show their best silks last; or (to give you a truer idea, tho' it sounds too proudly) my works will in one respect be like the works of Nature, much more to be liked and understood when consider'd in the relation they bear with each other, than when ignorantly look'd upon one by one; and often, those parts which attract most at first sight, will appear to be not the most, but the least considerable 4).

I am pleas'd and flatter'd by your expression of *Orna me*. The chief pleasure this work can give me is, that I can in it, with propriety, decency, and justice, insert the name and character of every friend I have, and every man that deserves to be lov'd or adorn'd. But I smile at your applying that phrase to my visiting you in Ireland; a place where I might have some apprehension (from their extraordinary passion for Poetry, and their boundless Hospitality) of being *adorned* to death, and buried under the

3) Sat. i. Lib. ii.

4) See the first note on the Epistle to Lord Cobham, *Of the Knowledge and Characters of men*.

weight of garlands, like one I have read of somewhere or other. My Mother lives (which is an answer to that point) and, I thank God, tho' her memory be in a Manner gone, is yet awake and sensible to me, tho' scarce to any thing else; which doubles the reason of my attendance, and at the same time sweetens it. I wish (beyond any other wish) you could pass a summer here; I might (too probably) return with you, unless you preferr'd to see France first, to which country, I think, you would have a strong invitation. Lord Peterborow has narrowly escaped death, and yet keeps his chamber: he is perpetually speaking in the most affectionate manner of you: he has written you two letters, which you never received, and by that has been discouraged from writing more. I can well believe the post-office may do this, when some letters of his to me have met the same fate, and two of mine to him. Yet let not this discourage you from writing to me, or to him, inclos'd in the common way, as I do to you: Innocent men need fear no detection of their thoughts; and for my part, I wou'd give 'em free leave to send all I write to Court, if most of what I write was not too silly.

I desire my sincere services to Dr. Delany, who, I agree with you, is a man every way esteemable: my Lord Orrery is a most virtuous and good-natur'd Nobleman, whom I should be happy to know. Lord B. received your letter thro' my hands; it is not to be told you how much he wishes for you; The whole list of persons, to whom you sent your services, return you theirs, with proper sense of the distinction — Your Lady friend is *Semper Eadem*, and I have written an Epistle to her on that qualification in a female character; which is thought by my chief Critic in your absence to be my *Chef d'Oeuvre*: but

it cannot be printed perfectly, in an age so sore of Satire, and so willing to misapply Characters.

As to my own health, it is as good as usual. I have lain ill seven days of a slight fever (the complaint here) but recover'd by gentle sweats, and the care of Dr. Arbuthnot. The play Mr. Gay left succeeds very well; it is another original in its kind. Adieu. God preserve your life, your health, your limbs, your spirits, and your friendships!

LETTER XVII.

April 2, 1733.

YOU say truly, that death is only terrible to us as it separates us from those we love, but I really think those have the worst of it who are left by us, if we are true friends. I have felt more (I fancy) in the loss of Mr. Gay, than I shall suffer in the thought of going away myself into a state that can feel none of this sort of losses. I wish'd vehemently to have seen him in a condition of living independent, and to have lived in perfect indolence the rest of our days together, the two most idle, most innocent, undesigning Poets of our age. I now as vehemently wish you and I might walk into the grave together, by as slow steps as you please, but contentedly and chearfully: Whether that ever can be, or in what country, I know no more, than into what country we shall walk out of the grave. But it suffices me to know it will be exactly what region or state our Maker appoints, and that whatever *Is*, is *Right*. Our poor friend's papers are partly in my hands, and for as much as is so, I will take care to suppress things unworthy of

him. As to the Epitaph, I'm sorry you gave a copy, for it will certainly by that means come into print, and I would correct it more, unless you will do it for me (and that I shall like as well:) Upon the whole, I earnestly wish your coming over hither, for this reason among many others, that your influence may be join'd with mine to suppress whatever we may judge proper of his papers. To be plugged in my Neighbour's and my papers, will be your inevitable fate as soon as you come. That I am an author whose characters are thought of some weight, appears from the great noise and bustle that the Court and Town make about any I give: and I will not render them less important, or less interesting, by sparing Vice and Folly, or by betraying the cause of Truth and Virtue. I will take care they shall be such, as no man can be angry. You are sensible with what decency and justice I paid homage to the Royal Family, at the same time that I satirized false Courtiers, and Spies, &c. about 'em. I have not the courage however to be such a Satirist as you, but I would be as much, or more, a Philosopher. You call your satires, Libels; I would rather call my satires, Epistles: They will consist more of Morality than of Wit, and grow graver, which you will call duller. I shall leave it to my Antagonists to be witty (if they can) and content myself to be useful, and in the right. Tell me your opinion as to Lady — 's or Lord *'s performance? they are certainly the Top-wits of the Court, and you may judge by that single piece what can be done against me; for it was labour'd, corrected, præ-commended and post-disapprov'd, so far as to be dis-own'd by themselves, after each had highly cry'd it up for the others 5). I

5) See the Epistle written on this occasion at the end of the second Vol. of Letters.

have met with some complaints, and heard at a distance of some threats, occasion'd by my verses: I sent fair messages to acquaint them where I was to be found in town, and to offer to call at their houses to satisfy them, and so it dropp'd. It is very poor in any one to rail and threaten at a distance, and have nothing to say to you when they see you. — I am glad you persist and abide by so good a thing as that Poem 6), in which I am immortal for my Morality: I never took any praise so kindly, and yet, I think, I deserve that praise better than I do any other. When does your collection come out, and what will it consist of? I have but last week finished another of my Epistles, in the order of the system; and this week (*exercitandi gratia*) I have translated (or rather parody'd) another of Horace's, in which I introduce you advising me about my expences, housekeeping, &c. But these things shall lie by, till you come to carp at 'em, and alter rhymes, and grammar, and triplets, and cacophonies of all kinds. Our Parliament will sit till Midsummer, which, I hope, may be a motive to bring you rather in summer than so late as autumn: you us'd to love what I hate, a hurry of politics, &c. Courts I see not, Courtiers I know not, Kings I adore not, Queens I compliment not; so I am never like to be in fashion, nor in dependance. I heartily join with you in pitying our poor Lady for her unhappiness, and should only pity her more, if she had more of what they at Court call Happiness. Come then, and perhaps we may go all together into France at the end of the season, and compare the Liberties of both kingdoms. Adieu. Believe me, dear Sir (with a thousand warm wishes, mix'd with short sighs) ever yours.

6) The ironical libel on Dr. Delany.

LETTER XVIII.

To Mr. P O P E.

Dublin, May 1, 1733.

I Answer your Letter the sooner because I have a particular reason for doing so. Some weeks ago came over a Poem call'd, *The Life and Character of Dr. S. written by himself*. It was reprinted here, and is dedicated to you. It is grounded upon a Maxim in Rochefoucault, and the dedication, after a formal story, says, that my manner of writing is to be found in every line. I believe I have told you, that I writ a year or two ago near five hundred lines upon the same Maxim in Rochefoucault, and was a long time about it, as that Impostor says in his Dedication, with many Circumstances, all pure invention. I desire you to believe, and to tell my friends, that in this spurious piece there is not a single line, or a bit of a line, or thought, any way resembling the genuine Copy, any more than it does Virgil's *Æneis*; for I never gave a Copy of mine, nor lent it out of my sight. And although I shew'd it to all common acquaintance indifferently, and some of them (especially one or two females) had got many lines by heart, here and there, and repeated them often; yet it happens that not one single line or thought is contained in this Imposture, although it appears that they who counterfeited me, had heard of the true one. But even this trick shall not provoke me to print the true one, which indeed is not proper to be seen, till I can be seen no more: I therefore desire you will undeceive my friends, and I

will order an Advertisement to be printed here, and transmit it to England, that every body may know the delusion, and acquit me, as, I am sure, you must have done yourself, if you have read any part of it, which is mean, and trivial, and full of that Cant that I most despise: I would sink to be a Vicar in Norfolk rather than be charged with such a performance. Now I come to your letter.

When I was of your age, I thought every day of death, but now every minute; and a continual giddy disorder more or less is a greater addition than that of my years. I cannot affirm that I pity our friend Gay, but I pity his friends, I pity you, and would at least equally pity myself, if I liv'd amongst you; because I should have seen him oftener than you did who are a kind of Hermit, how great a noise soever you make by your Ill-nature in not letting the honest Villains of the times enjoy themselves in this world, which is their only happiness, and terrifying them with another. I should have added in my libel, that of all men living you are the most happy in your Enemies and your Friends: and I will swear you have fifty times more Charity for mankind than I could ever pretend to. Whether the production you mention came from the Lady or the Lord, I did not imagine that they were at least so bad versifiers. Therefore, *facit indignatio versus*, is only to be apply'd when the indignation is against general Villainy, and never operates when some sort of people write to defend themselves. I love to hear them reproach you for dulness; only I would be satisfy'd, since you are so dull, why are they so angry? Give me a shilling, and I will ensure you, that posterity shall never know you had one single enemy, excepting those whose memory you have preserv'd.

I am sorry for the situation of Mr. Gay's papers. You do not exert yourself as much as I could wish in this affair. I had rather the two fisters were hang'd than see his works swell'd by any loss of credit to his memory. I would be glad to see the most valuable printed by themselves, those which ought not to be seen burn'd immediately, and the others that have gone abroad, printed separately like opuscula, or rather be stifled and forgotten. I thought your Epitaph was immediately to be engrav'd and therefore I made less scruple to give a Copy to Lord Orrery, who earnestly desir'd it, but to no body else; and, he tells me, he gave only two, which he will recall. I have a short Epigram of his upon it, wherein I would correct a line, or two at most, and then I will send it you (with his permission.) I have nothing against yours, but the last line, *Striking their aching*; the two participles, as they are so near, seem to sound too like. I shall write to the Duchess, who lately honoured me with a very friendly letter, and I will tell her my opinion freely about our friend's papers. I want health, and my affairs are enlarged: but I will break through the latter, if the other mends. I can use a course of medicines, lame and giddy. My chief design, next to seeing you, is to be a severe Critic on you and your neighbour; but first kill his father, that he may be able to maintain me in my own way of living, and particularly my horses. It cost me near 600 l. for a wall to keep mine, and I never ride without two servants for fear of accidents; *hic vivimus ambitiosa paupertate*. You are both too poor for my acquaintance, but he much the poorer. With you I will find grass, and wine, and servants, but with him not. — The collection you speak of is this. A Printer came to me to desire he might print my works (as he call'd them)

in four volumes, by subscription. I said I would give no leave, and should be sorry to see them printed here. He said they could not be printed in London. I answer'd, they could, if the Partners agreed. He said "he would be glad of my permission, but as
 " he could print them without it, and was advis'd
 " that it could do me no harm, and having been
 " assur'd of numerous subscriptions, he hoped I
 " would not be angry at his pursuing his own interest, &c." Much of this discourse past, and he goes on with the matter, wherein I determine not to intermeddle, though it be much to my discontent; and I wish it could be done in England, rather than here, although I am grown pretty indifferent in every thing of that kind. This is the truth of the story.

My Vanity turns at present on being personated in your *Quæ Virtus*, &c. You will observe in this letter many marks of an ill head and a low spirit; but a Heart wholly turned to love you with the greatest Earnestness and Truth.

LETTER XIX.

May 28, 1733.

I Have begun two or three letters to you by snatches, and been prevented from finishing them by a thousand avocations and dissipations. I must first acknowledge the honour done me by Lord Orrery, whose praises are that precious ointment Solomon speaks of, which can be given only by men of Virtue: all other praise, whether from Poets or Peers, is contemptible alike: and I am old enough and ex-

perienced enough to know, that the only praises worth having, are those bestowed *by* Virtue *for* Virtue. My Poetry I abandon to the critics, my Morals I commit to the testimony of those who know me; and therefore I was more pleas'd with your Libel, than with any Verses I ever receiv'd. I wish such a collection of your writings could be printed here, as you mention going on in Ireland. I was surpriz'd to receive from the Printer that spurious piece, call'd The Life and Character of Dr. Swift, with a letter telling me the person, "who publish'd it, had assur'd him the Dedication to me was what I would not take ill, or else he would not have printed it." I can't tell who the man is, who took so far upon him as to answer for my way of thinking; tho' had the thing been genuine, I should have been greatly displeas'd at the publisher's part, in doing it without your knowledge.

I am as earnest as you can be, in doing my best to prevent the publishing of any thing unworthy of Mr. Gay; but I fear his friends partiality. I wish you would come over. All the mysteries of my philosophical work shall then be clear'd to you, and you will not think that I am not merry enough, nor angry enough: It will not want for Satire, but as for Anger I know it not; or at least only that sort of which the Apostle speaks, "Be ye angry and sin not."

My Neighbour's writings have been metaphysical, and will next be historical. It is certainly from him only that a valuable History of Europe in these latter times can be expected. Come, and quicken him; for age, indolence, and contempt of the world, grow upon men apace, and may often make the wisest indifferent whether posterity be any wiser than we. To a man in years, Health and Quiet become such

rarities, and consequently so valuable, that he is apt to think of nothing more than of enjoying them whenever he can, for the remainder of life; and this, I doubt not, has caus'd so many great men to die without leaving a scarp to posterity.

I am sincerely troubled for the bad account you give me of your own health. I wish every day to hear a better, as much as I do to enjoy my own, I faithfully assure you.

LETTER XX.

From Dr. S W I F T.

Dublin, July 8, 1733.

I Must condole with you for the loss of Mrs. Pope, of whose death the papers have been full. But I would rather rejoice with you, because, if any circumstances can make the death of a dear Parent and Friend a subject for joy, you have them all. She died in an extreme old age, without pain, under the care of the most dutiful Son that I have ever known or heard of, which is a felicity not happening to one in a million. The worst effect of her death falls upon me, and so much the worse, because I expected *aliquis damno usus in illo*, that it would be followed by making me and this kingdom happy with your presence. But I am told, to my great misfortune, that a very convenient offer happening, you waved the invitation pressed on you, alledging the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking. By which I find that you have given some credit to a notion, of our great plenty and hospitality. It is

true, our meat and wine is cheaper here, as it is always in the poorest countries, because there is no money to pay for them: I believe there are not in this whole city three Gentlemen out of Employment, who are able to give Entertainments once a month. Those who are in employments of church or state, are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen: Those indeed may once or twice invite their friends, or any person of distinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me, they know not above three families where they can occasionally dine in a whole year: Dr. Delany is the only gentleman I know, who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain seven or eight friends at dinner, and to pass the evening, where there is nothing of excess, either in eating or drinking. Our old friend Southern (who hath just left us) was invited to dinner once or twice by a judge, a bishop, or a commissioner of the revenues, but most frequented a few particular friends, and chiefly the Doctor, who is easy in his fortune, and very hospitable. The conveniencies of taking the air, winter or summer, do far exceed those in London. For the two large strands just at two ends of the town are as firm and dry in winter as in summer. There are at least six or eight gentlemen of sense, learning, good-humour and taste, able and desirous to please you; and orderly females, some of the better sort, to take care of you. These were the motives that I have frequently made use of to entice you hither. And there would be no failure among the best people here, of any honours that could be done you. As to myself, I declare, my health is so uncertain that I dare not venture amongst you at present. I hate the thoughts of London, where I am not rich enough to live otherwise than by shifting,

which is now too late. Neither can I have conveniences in the country for three horses and two servants, and many others, which I have here at hand. I am one of the governors of all the hackney-coaches, carts, and carriages round this town, who dare not insult me, like your rascally waggoners or coachmen, but give me the way; nor is there one Lord or Squire for a hundred of yours, to turn me out of the road, or run over me with their coaches and fix. Thus, I make some advantage of the public poverty, and give you the reasons for what I once writ, why I chuse to be a freeman among slaves, rather than a slave among freemen. Then, I walk the streets in peace without being jostled, nor ever without a thousand blessings from my friends the vulgar. I am Lord Mayor of 120 houses, I am absolute Lord of the greatest Cathedral in the kingdom, am at peace with the neighbouring Princes, the Lord Mayor of the city, and the Arch-bishop of Dublin, only the latter, like the K. of France, sometimes attempts encroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorrain. In the midst of this raillery, I can tell you with seriousness, that these advantages contribute to my ease, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter relating to my Lord B — and yourself, you agree with me entirely, about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, &c. that grow upon men in years. And if you discover those inclinations in my Lord and yourself, what can you expect from me, whose health is so precarious? and yet at your or his time of life, I could have leap'd over the moon.

LETTER XXI.

September 1, 1733.

I Have every day wish'd to write to you, to say a thousand things; and yet, I think, I should not have writ to you now, if I was not sick of writing any thing, sick of myself, and (what is worse) sick of my friends too. The world is become too busy for me; every body is so concerned for the public, that all private enjoyments are lost, or dis-relish'd. I write more to show you I am tired of this life, than to tell you any thing relating to it. I live as I did, I think as I did, I love you as I did; but all these are to no purpose: the world will not live, think, or love, as I do. I am troubled for, and vexed at, all my friends by turns. Here are some whom you love, and who love you: yet they receive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none of it to you. There is a great gulph between. In earnest, I would go a thousand miles by land to see you, but the sea I dread. My ailments are such, that I really believe a sea-sickness (considering the oppression of colical pains, and the great weakness of my breast) would kill me: and if I did not die of that, I must of the excessive eating and drinking of your hospitable town, and the excessive flattery of your most poetical country. I hate to be cramm'd, either way. Let your hungry Poets, and your rhyming Poets digest it, I cannot. I like much better to be abused and half starved, than to be so overpraised and overfed. Drown Ireland! for having caught you, and for having kept you: I only reserve a little charity for her, for knowing your value, and esteeming you:

You are the only Patriot I know, who is not hated for serving his country. The man who drew your Character and printed it here, was not much in the wrong in many things he said of you: yet he was a very impertinent fellow, for saying them in words quite different from those you had yourself employed before on the same subject: for surely to alter your words is to prejudice them; and I have been told, that a man himself can hardly say the same thing twice over with equal happiness; Nature is so much a better thing than artifice.

I have written nothing this year: It is no affectation to tell you, my Mother's loss has turned my frame of thinking. The habit of a whole life is a stronger thing than all the reason in the world. I know I ought to be easy, and to be free; but I am dejected, I am confined: my whole amusement is in reviewing my past life, not in laying plans for my future. I wish you cared as little for popular applause as I; as little for any nation, in contradistinction to others, as I: and then I fancy, you that are not afraid of the sea, you that are a stronger man at sixty than ever I was at twenty, would come and see several people who are (at last) like the primitive christians, of one soul and of one mind. The day is come, which I have often wished, but never thought to see; when *every mortal, that I esteem, is of the same sentiment in Politics and in Religion.*

Adieu. All you love, are yours: but all are busy, except (dear Sir) your sincere friend.

LETTER XXII.

Jan. 6, 1734.

I Never think of you and can never write to you, now, without drawing many of those short sighs of which we have formerly talk'd: The reflection both of the friends we have been depriv'd of by Death, and of those from whom we are separated almost as eternally by Absence, checks me to that degree that it takes away in a manner the pleasure (which yet I feel very sensibly too) of thinking I am now conversing with you. You have been silent to me as to your Works; whether those printed here are, or are not genuine? but one, I am sure, is yours; and your method of concealing yourself puts me in mind of the Indian bird I have read of, who hides his head in a hole, while all his feathers and tail stick out. You'll have immediately by several franks (even before 'tis here publish'd) my Epistle to Lord Cobham, part of my *Opus Magnum*, and the last Essay on Man, both which, I conclude, will be grateful to your bookseller, on whom you please to bestow them so early. There is a woman's war declar'd against me by a certain Lord; his weapons are the same which women and children use, a pin to scratch, and a squirt to bespatter: I writ a sort of answer, but was ashamed to enter the lists with him, and after shewing it to some people, suppress'd it: otherwise it was such as was worthy of him and worthy of me. I was three weeks this autumn with Lord Peterborow, who rejoices in your doings, and always speaks with the greatest affection of you. I need not tell you who else do the same; you may be

sure almost all those whom I ever see, or desire to see. I wonder not that B — paid you no sort of civility while he was in Ireland: he is too much half-honest, to esteem any entire merit. I hope and think he hates me too, and I will do my best to make him: he is so insupportably insolent in his civility to me when he meets me at one third place, that I must affront him to be rid of it. That strict neutrality as to public parties, which I have constantly observ'd in all my writings, I think gives me the more title to attack such men, as slander and belye my character in private, to those who know me not. Yet even this is a liberty I will never take, unless at the same time they are Pests of private society, or mischievous members of the public, that is to say, unless they are enemies to all men as well as to me. — Pray write to me when you can: If ever I can come to you, I will: if not, may Providence be our friend and our guard thro' this simple world, where nothing is valuable, but sense and friendship. Adieu, dear Sir, may health attend your years, and then may many years be added to you.

P. S. I am just now told, a very curious Lady intends to write to you to pump you about some poems said to be yours. Pray tell her, that you have not answered me on the same questions, and that I shall take it as a thing never to be forgiven from you, if you tell another what you have conceal'd from me.

LETTER XXIII.

Sept. 15, 1734.

I Have ever thought you as sensible as any man I knew, of all the delicacies of friendship, and yet I fear (from what Lord B. tells me you said in your last letter) that you did not quite understand the reason of my late silence. I assure you it proceeded wholly from the tender kindness I bear you. When the heart is full, it is angry at all words that cannot come up to it; and you are now the man in all the world I am most troubled to write to, for you are the friend I have left whom I am most grieved about. Death has not done worse to me in separating poor Gay, or any other, than disease and absence in dividing us. I am afraid to know how you do, since most accounts I have, give me pain for you and I am unwilling to tell you the condition of my own health. If it were good, I would see you; and yet if I found you in that very condition of deafness, which made you fly from us while we were together, what comfort could we derive from it? In writing often I should find great relief, could we write freely; and yet, when I have done so, you seem by not answering in a very long time, to feel either the same uneasiness as I do, or to abstain, from some prudential reason. Yet I am sure, nothing that you and I wou'd say to each other, (tho' our own souls were to be laid open to the clerks of the post-office) could hurt either of us so much, in the opinion of any honest man or good subject, as the intervening, officious, impertinence of those Goers between us, who in England pretend to intimacies with you, and

in Ireland to intimacies with me. I cannot but receive any that call upon me in your name, and in truth they take it in vain too often. I take all opportunities of justifying you against these Friends, especially those who know all you think and write, and repeat your flighter verses. It is generally on such little scarps that Witlings feed, and 'tis hard the world should judge of our house-keeping from what we fling to our dogs, yet this is often the consequence. But they treat you still worse, mix their own with yours, print them to get money, and lay them at your door. This I am satisfied was the case in the Epistle to a Lady; it was just the same hand (if I have any judgment in style) which printed your Life and Character before, which you so strongly disavow'd in your letters to lord Carteret, myself, and others. I was very well informed of another fact, which convinced me yet more; the same person who gave this to be printed, offer'd to a bookseller a piece in prose as yours, and as commissioned by you, which has since appear'd, and been own'd to be his own. I think (I say once more) that I know your hand, tho' you did not mine in the Essay on Man. I beg your pardon for not telling you, as I should, had you been in England: but no secret can cross your Irish Sea, and every clerk in the post-office had known it. I fancy, tho' you lost sight of me in the first of those Essays, you saw me in the second. The design of concealing myself was good, and had its full effect; I was thought a Divine, a Philosopher, and what not; and my doctrine had a sanction I could not have given to it. Whether I can proceed in the same grave march like Lucretius, or must descend to the gayeties of Horace, I know not, or whether I can do either? but be the future as it will, I shall collect all the past in one fair quarto this winter, and

send it you, where you will find frequent mention of your self. I was glad you suffer'd your writings to be collected more completely than hitherto, in the volumes I daily expect from Ireland; I wish'd it had been in more pomp, but that will be done by others: yours are beauties, that can never be too finely drest, for they will ever be young. I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you; do not laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a Philosopher, till I pull it off, and make a jest of it myself. 'Tis just what my Lord B. is doing with Metaphysics. I hope, you will live to see, and stare at the learned figure he will make, on the same shelf with Locke and Malbranche.

You see how I talk to you (for this is not writing) if you like I should do so, why not tell me so? if it be the least pleasure to you, I will write once a week most gladly; but can you abstract the letters from the person who writes them, so far, as not to feel more vexation in the thought of our separation, and those misfortunes which occasion it, than satisfaction in the Nothings he can express? If you can, really and from my heart, I cannot. I return again to melancholy. Pray, however, tell me, is it a satisfaction? that will make it one to me; and we will Think alike, as friends ought, and you shall hear from me punctually just when you will.

P. S. Our friend, who is just returned from a progress of three months, and is setting out in three days with me for the Bath, where he will stay till towards the middle of October, left this letter with me yesterday, and I cannot seal and dispatch it till I have scribbled the remainder of this page full. He talks very pompously of my Metaphysics, and places them in a very honourable station. It is true, I have

writ six letters and an half to him on subjects of that kind, and I propose a letter and an half more, which would swell the whole up to a considerable volume. But he thinks me fonder of the Name of an Author than I am. When he and you, and one or two other friends have seen them, *satis magnum Theatrum mihi estis*, I shall not have the itch of making them more public ¹). I know how little regard you pay to Writings of this kind. But I imagine that if you can like any such, it must be those that strip Metaphysics of all their bombast, keep within the sight of every well-constituted Eye, and never bewilder themselves whilst they pretend to guide the reason of others. I writ to you a long letter some time ago, and sent it by the post. Did it come to your hands? or did the inspectors of private correspondence stop it, to revenge themselves of the ill said of them in it? *Vale & me ama.*

LETTER XXIV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 1, 1734.

I Have yours with my Lord B — 's Postscript of September 15: it was long on its way, and for some weeks after the date I was very ill with my two inveterate disorders, giddiness and deafness. The latter is pretty well off; but the other makes me totter towards evenings, and much dispirits me.

¹) As Mr. P. (Lett. XLVIII.) tells us, they shew that *all our metaphysical Theology is ridiculous and abominable.* —

But I continue to ride and walk, both of which, although they be no cures, are at least amusements. I did never imagine you to be either inconstant, or to want right notions of friendship, but I apprehend your want of health; and it hath been a frequent wonder to me how you have been able to entertain the world so long, so frequently, so happily, under so many bodily disorders. My Lord B. says you have been three months rambling, which is the best thing you can possibly do in a summer season; and when the winter recalls you, we will, for our own interests, leave you to your speculations. God be thanked, I have done with every thing, and of every kind that requires writing, except now and then a letter, or, like a true old man, scribbling trifles only fit for children or school-boys of the lowest class at best, which three or four of us read and laugh at to-day, and burn tomorrow. Yet, what is singular, I never am without some great work in view, enough to take up forty years of the most vigorous healthy man: although I am convinced that I shall never be able to finish three Treatises, that have lain by me several years, and want nothing but correction. My Lord B. said in his postscript, that you would go to Bath in three days: we since heard that you were dangerously ill there, and that the news-mongers gave you over. But a gentleman of this kingdom, on his return from Bath, assured me he left you well, and so did some others whom I have forgot. I am sorry at my heart that you are pestered with people who come in my name, and I profess to you, it is without my knowledge. I am confident I shall hardly ever have occasion again to recommend, for my friends here are very few, and fixed to the freehold, from whence nothing but death will remove them. Surely I never doubted about your Essay on

Man; and I would lay any odds, that I would never fail to discover you in six lines, unless you had a mind to write below or beside yourself on purpose. I confess I did never imagine you were so deep in Morals, or that so many new and excellent rules could be produced so advantageously and agreeably in that science, from any one head. I confess in some few places I was forced to read twice, I believe I told you before what the Duke of D — said to me on that occasion: How a judge here, who knows you, told him that on the first reading those Essays, he was much pleased, but found some lines a little dark: On the second most of them cleared up, and his pleasure increased: On the third he had no doubt remained, and then he admired the whole. My lord B — 's attempt of reducing Metaphysics to intelligible sense and usefulness, will be a glorious undertaking, and as I never knew him fail in any thing he attempted, if he had the sole management, so I am confident he will succeed in this. I desire you will allow that I write to you both at present, and so I shall while I live: It saves your money, and my time; and he being your Genius, no matter to which it is addressed. I am happy that what you write is printed in large letters; otherwise between the weakness of my eyes, and the thickness of my hearing, I should lose the greatest pleasure that is left me. Pray command my lord B — to follow that example, if I live to read his Metaphysics. Pray God bless you both. I had a melancholy account from the Doctor of his health. I will answer his letter as soon as I can. I am ever entirely yours.

LETTER XXV.

Twickenham, Dec. 19, 1734.

I Am truly sorry for any complaint you have, and it is in regard to the weakness of your eyes that I write (as well as print) in folio. You'll think (I know you will, for you have all the candor of a good understanding) that the thing which men of our age feel the most, is the friendship of our equals; and that therefore whatever affects those who are stept a few years before us, cannot but sensibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory, and if I am in any part of my constitution younger than you, it will be in my remembring every thing that has pleased me in you, longer than perhaps you will. The two summers we pass'd together dwell always on my mind, like a vision which gave me a glympse of a better life and better company, than this world otherwise afforded. I am now an individual, upon whom no other depends; and go where I will, if the wretched carcass I am annex'd to did not hinder me. I rambled by very easy journeys this year to Lord Bathurst and Lord Peterborow, who upon every occasion commemorate, love and wish for you. I now pass my days between Dawley, London, and this place, not studious, nor idle, rather polishing old works than hewing out new. I redeem now and then a paper that hath been abandon'd several years; and of this sort you'll soon see one, which I inscribe to our old friend Arbuthnot.

Thus far I had written, and thinking to finish my letter the same evening, was prevented by company,

and the next morning found myself in a fever, highly disorder'd, and so continued in bed for five days, and in my chamber till now; but so well recover'd as to hope to go abroad to-morrow, even by the advice of Dr. Arbuthnot. He himself, poor man, is much broke, tho' not worse than for these two last months he has been. He took extremely kind your letter. I wish to God we could once meet again, before that separation, which yet, I would be glad to believe, shall re-unite us: But he who made us, not for ours, but his purposes, knows only whether it be for the better or the worse, that the affections of this life should, or should not continue into the other: and doubtless it is as it should be. Yet I am sure that while I am here, and the thing that I am, I shall be imperfect without the communication of such friends as you; you are to me like a limb lost, and buried in another country; tho' we seem quite divided, every accident makes me feel you were once a part of me. I always consider you so much as a friend, that I forget you are an author, perhaps too much, but 'tis as much as I would desire you would do to me. However, if I could inspire you to bestow correction upon those three Treatises, which you say are so near completed, I should think it a better work than any I can pretend to of my own. I am almost at the end of my Morals, as I've been, long ago, of my Wit; my system is a short one, and my circle narrow. Imagination has no limits, and that is a sphere in which you may move on to eternity; but where one is confined to Truth (or to speak more like a human creature, to the appearances of Truth) we soon find the shortness of our Tether. Indeed by the help of a metaphysical chain of Ideas, one may extend the circulation, go round and round for ever, without making any progress beyond the

point to which Providence has pinn'd us: But this does not satisfy me, who would rather say a little to no purpose, than a great deal. Lord B. is voluminous, but he is voluminous only to destroy volumes. I shall not live, I fear, to see that work printed; he is so taken up still (in spite of the monitory hint given in the first line of my Essay) with particular Men, that he neglects mankind, and is still a creature of this world, not of the Universe: This World which is a name we give to Europe, to England, to Ireland, to London, to Dublin, to the Court, to the Castle, and so diminishing, till it comes to our own affairs, and our own persons. When you write (either to him or to me, for we accept it all as one) rebuke him for it, as a Divine if you like it, or as a Badineur, if you think that more effectual.

What I write will show you that my head is yet weak. I had written to you by that gentleman from the Bath, but I did not know him, and every body that comes from Ireland pretends to be a friend of the Dean's. I am always glad to see any that are truly so, and therefore do not mistake any thing I said, so as to discourage your sending any such to me.

Adieu.

LETTER XXVI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

May 12, 1735.

YOUR letter was sent me yesterday by Mr. Stopford, who landed the same day, but I have not yet seen him. As to my silence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domestic affairs are in great confusion by the villainy of agents, and the miseries of this kingdom, where there is no money to be had: nor am I unconcerned to see all things tending towards absolute power, in both nations ¹⁾ (it is here in perfection already) although I shall not live to see it established. This condition of things, both public and personal to myself, hath given me such a kind of despondency, that I am almost unqualified for any company, diversion, or amusement. The death of Mr. Gay and the Doctor, hath been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them; like a sum of money in a bank, from which I should receive at least annual interest, as I do from you, and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke. To shew in how much ignorance I live, it is hardly a fortnight since I heard of the death of my Lady Masham, my constant friend in all changes of times. God forbid that I should expect you to make a voyage that would in the least affect your health: but in the mean time how unhap-

¹⁾ The Dean was frequently troubled, he tells us, with a *giddiness* in his head.

py am I, that my best friend should have perhaps the only kind of disorder for which a seavoyage is not in some degree a remedy? The old Duke of Ormond said, he would not change his dead son (Offorry) for the best living son in Europe. Neither would I change you my absent friend for the best present friend round the Globe.

I have lately read a book imputed to Lord B. called a Dissertation upon Parties. I think it very masterly written.

Pray God reward you for your kind prayers: I believe your prayers will do me more good than those of all the Prelates in both kingdoms, or any Prelates in Europe except the Bishop of Marseilles 2). And God preserve you for contributing more to mend the world, than the whole pack of (modern) parsons in a lump.

I am ever entirely yours.

2) Who continued there with his flock all the time a dreadful pestilence desolated that city.

LETTER XXVII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Sept. 3, 1735.

THIS letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner the printer, who goes over on his private affairs. This is an answer to yours of two months ago, which complains of that profligate fellow Curl. I heartily wish you were what they call disaffected, as I am. I may say as David did, I have sinned greatly, but what have these sheep done? You have given no offence to the Ministry, nor to the Lords, nor Commons, nor Queen, nor the next in Power. For you are a man of virtue, and therefore must abhor vice and all corruption, although your discretion holds the reins. "You need not fear any consequence in the commerce that hath so long passed between us; although I never destroy'd one of your letters. But my Executors are men of honour and virtue, who have strict orders in my will to burn every letter left behind me." Neither did our letters contain any Turns of Wit, or Fancy, or Politics, or Satire, but mere innocent Friendship: yet I am loth that any letters, from you and a very few other friends, should dye before me; I believe we neither of us ever leaned our head upon our left hand to study what we should write next; yet we have held a constant intercourse from your youth and my middle age, and from your middle age it must be continued till my death, which my bad state of health makes me expect every month. I have the ambition, and it is very earnest as well as in haste,

to have one Epistle inscribed to me while I am alive, and you just in the time when wit and wisdom are in the height. I must once more repeat Cicero's desire to a friend; *Orna me*. A month ago were sent me over by a friend of mine, the works of John Hughes, Esq. They are in verse and prose. I never heard of the man in my life, yet, I find your name as a subscriber too. He is too grave a Poet for me, and, I think, among the *mediocribus* in prose as well as verse. I have the honour to know Dr. Rundle; he is indeed worth all the rest you ever sent us, but that is saying nothing, for he answers your character; I have dined thrice in his company. He brought over a worthy clergyman of this kingdom as his chaplain, which was a very wise and popular action. His only fault, is, that he drinks no wine, and I drink nothing else.

This kingdom is now absolutely starving, by the means of every oppression that can be inflicted on mankind — Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord. You advise me right, not to trouble myself about the world: But oppression tortures me, and I cannot live without meat and drink, nor get either without money; and money is not to be had, except they will make me a Bishop, or a Judge, or a Colonel, or a Commissioner of the Revenues.

Adieu.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO answer your questions as to Mr. Hughes, what he wanted as to genius he made up as an honest man: but he was of the class you think him.

I am glad you think of Dr. Rundle as I do. He will be an honour to the Bishops and a disgrace to one Bishop, two things you will like: But what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor even to your un-friended, un-benefited Nation; he will be a friend to human race, wherever he goes. Pray tell him my best wishes for his health and long life: I wish you and he came over together, or that I were with you. I never saw a man so seldom whom I liked so much as Dr. Rundle.

Lord Peterborow I went to take a last leave of, at his setting sail for Lisbon: No Body can be more wasted, no Soul can be more alive. Immediately after the severest operation of being cut into the bladder for a suppression of urine, he took coach, and got from Bristol to Southampton, This is a man that will neither live nor die like any other mortal.

Poor Lord Peterborow; there is another string lost, that wou'd have help'd to draw you hither! He order'd on his death-bed his Watch to be given me (that which had accompanied him in all his travels) with this reason, "That I might have something to put me every day in mind of him." It was a present to him from the King of Sicily, whose arms and *Insignia* are graved on the inner-case; on the outer,

I have put this inscription. *Viātor Amadeus, Rex Siciliae, Dux Sabaudiae, &c. &c. Carolo Mordaunt, Comiti de Peterborow, D. D. Car. Mor. Com. de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit, 1735.*

Pray write to me a little oftner: and if there be a thing left in the world that pleases you, tell it one who will partake of it. I hear with approbation and pleasure, that your present care is to relieve the most helpless of this world, those objects 3) which most want our compassion, tho' generally made the scorn of their fellow-creatures, such as are less innocent than they. You always think generously; and of all charities, this is the most disinterested, and least vain-glorious, done to such as never will thank you, or can praise you for it.

God blefs you with ease, if not with pleasure; with a tolerable state of health, if not with its full enjoyment; with a resign'd temper of mind, if not a very chearful one. It is upon these terms I live myself, tho' younger than you, and I repine not at my lot, could but the presence of a few that I love be added to these.

Adieu.

3) Idiots.

LETTER XXIX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Octob. 21, 1735.

I Answer'd your letter relating to Curll, &c. I believe my letters have escap'd being publish'd, because I writ nothing but Nature and Friendship, and particular incidents which could make no figure in writing. I have observ'd that not only Voiture, but likewise Tully and Pliny writ their letters for the public view, more than for the sake of their correspondents; and I am glad of it, on account of the Entertainment they have given me. Balsac did the same thing, but with more stiffness, and consequently less diverting: Now I must tell you, that you are to look upon me as one going very fast out of the world; but my flesh and bones are to be carried to Holy-head, for I will not lie in a Country of slaves. It pleaseth me to find that you begin to dislike things in spite of your Philosophy; your Muse cannot forbear her hints to that purpose. I cannot travel to see you; otherwise, I solemnly protest I would do it. I have an intention to pass this winter in the country with a Friend forty miles off, and to ride only ten miles a day; yet is my health so uncertain that I fear it will not be in my power. I often ride a dozen miles, but I come to my own bed at night: My best way would be to marry, for in that case any bed would be better than my own. I found you a very young man, and I left you a middle-aged one; you knew me a middle-aged man, and now I am an old one. Where is my Lord — ? methinks, I

am enquiring after a Tulip of last year. — “You need
 “ not apprehend any Curll’s meddling with your let-
 “ ters to me; I will not destroy them, but have or-
 “ der’d my Executors to do that office.” I have a
 thousand things more to say, *longævitæ est garrula*,
 but I must remember I have other letters to write if
 I have time, which I spend to tell you so; I am ever,
 dearest Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER XXX.

From Dr. S W I F T.

Feb. 9, 1735-6.

I Cannot properly call you my best friend, because
 I have not another left who deserves the name,
 such a havock have Time, Death, Exile, and Obli-
 vion made. Perhaps you would have fewer com-
 plaints of my ill health and lowness of spirits, if they
 were not some excuse for my delay of writing even
 to you. It is perfectly right what you say of the in-
 difference in common friends, whether we are sick
 or well, happy or miserable. The very maid-servants
 in a family have the same notion: I have heard them
 often say, Oh, I am very sick, if any body car’d
 for it! I am vexed when my visitors come with the
 compliment usual here, Mr. Dean, I hope you are
 very well. My popularity that you mention, is
 wholly confined to the common people, who are
 more constant than those we mis-call their betters.
 I walk the streets, and so do my lower friends, from
 whom and from whom alone, I have a thousand hats
 and blessings upon old scores, which those we call

the Gentry have forgot. But I have not the love, or hardly the civility, of any one man in power or station; and I can boast that I neither visit nor am acquainted with any Lord Temporal or Spiritual in the whole kingdom; nor am able to do the least good office to the most deserving man, except what I can dispose of in my own Cathedral upon a vacancy. What hath sunk my spirits more than even years and sickness, is reflecting on the most execrable Corruptions that run through every branch of public management.

I heartily thank you for those lines translated, *Singula de nobis anni, &c.* You have put them in a strong and admirable light; but however, I am so partial, as to be more delighted with those which are to do me the greatest honour I shall ever receive from posterity, and will outweigh the malignity of ten-thousand enemies. I never saw them before, by which it is plain that the letter you sent me miscarry'd. — I do not doubt that you have choice of new acquaintance, and some of them may be deserving: For youth is the season of Virtue; Corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldest rogue in England is the greatest. You have years enough before you to watch whether these new acquaintance will keep their Virtue, when they leave you and go into the world; how long will their spirit of independency last against the temptations of future Ministers, and future Kings. — As to the new Lord Lieutenant, I never knew any of the family; so that I shall not be able to get any job done by him for any deserving friend.

LETTER XXXI.

From Dr. S W I F T.

Feb. 7, 1735-6.

IT is some time since I dined at the bishop of Derry's, where Mr. Secretary Cary told me with great concern, that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing since, only I have continued in great pain of mind, yet for my own sake and the world's more than for yours; because I well know how little you value life both as a Philosopher and a Christian, particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us heretics can equal you. If you are well recover'd, you ought to be reproached for not putting me especially out of pain, who could not bear the loss of you; although we must be for ever distant as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indisposition are preparing me every season. I have staid too long from pressing you to give me some ease by an account of your health; pray do not use me so ill any more. I look upon you as an estate from which I receive my best annual rents, although I am never to see it. Mr. Tickel was at the same meeting under the same real concern; and so were a hundred others of this town who had never seen you.

I read to the Bishop of Derry the paragraph in your letter which concern'd him, and his Lordship express'd his thankfulness in a manner that became him. He is esteemed here as a person of learning and conversation and humanity, but he is beloved by all people.

I have no-body now left but you: Pray be so kind to out-live me, and then die as soon as you please, but without pain; and let us meet in a better place, if my Religion will permit, but rather my Virtue, although much unequal to yours. Pray, let my Lord Bathurst know how much I love him; I still insist on his remembering me, although he is too much in the world to honour an absent friend with his letters. My state of health is not to boast of; my giddiness is more or less too constant; I sleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as easily write a Poem in the Chinese-language as my own: I am as fit for Matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily schemes for innumerable Essays in prose, and proceed sometimes to no less than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waste paper. What vexes me most is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen years ago, have now forsaken me, although I am not so old in proportion to them, as I formerly was: which I can prove by Arithmetic, for then I was double their age, which now I am not. Pray, put me out of fear as soon as you can, about that ugly report of your illness; and let me know who this Cheselden is, that hath so lately sprung up in your favour? Give me also some account of your neighbour who writ to me from Bath: I hear he resolves to be strenuous for taking off the Test; which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced Reasons I ever was able to form, and against the maxims of all wise Christian governments 4), which always had some establish'd Religion, leaving at best a toleration to others.

Farewell, my dearest friend! ever, and upon every account that can create friendship and esteem.

4) The Author of the *Dissertation on parties* appears to be of the same opinion.

LETTER XXXII.

March 25, 1736,

IF ever I write more Epistles in Verse, one of them shall be address'd to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it, but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four Epistles, which naturally follow the Essay on Man, viz. 1. Of the Extent and Limits of Human Reason and Science. 2. A view of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the un-useful and therefore un-attainable, Arts. 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Application, and Use of different Capacities. 4. Of the Use of *Learning*, of the *Science* of the *World*, and of *Wit*. It will conclude with a Satire against the mis-application of all these, exemplify'd by pictures, characters, and examples.

But alas! the task is great, and *non sum qualis eram*! My understanding indeed, such as it is, is extended rather than diminish'd: I see things more in the whole, more consistent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to, each other. But what I gain on the side of philosophy, I lose on the side of poetry: the flowers are gone, when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits perhaps will never ripen perfectly. The climate (under our Heaven of a Court) is but cold and uncertain; the winds rise, and the winter comes on. I find myself but little disposed to build a new house; I have nothing left but to gather up the reliques of a wreck, and look about me to see how few friends I have left. Pray,

whose esteem or admiration should I desire now to procure by my writings? whose friendship or conversation to obtain by 'em? I am a man of desperate fortunes, that is, a man whose friends are dead: for I never aim'd at any other fortune than in friends. As soon as I had sent my last letter, I receiv'd a most kind one from you, expressing great pain for my late illness at Mr. Cheselden's. I conclude you was eased of that friendly apprehension in a few days after you had dispatch'd yours, for mine must have reached you then. I wondered a little at your quære, who Cheselden was? It shews that the truest merit does not travel so far any way as on the wings of poetry; he is the most noted, and most deserving man, in the whole profession of Chirurgery; and has sav'd the lives of thousands by his manner of cutting for the stone. — I am now well, or what I must call so.

I have lately seen some writings of Lord's B's, since he went to France. Nothing can depress his Genius: What ever befalls him, he will still be the greatest man in the world, either in his own time, or with posterity.

Every man you know or care for here, enquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. I wish you had any motive to see this kingdom. I could keep you, for I am rich, that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for yourself and two servants; I have indeed room enough, nothing but myself at home; the kind and hearty house-wife is dead! the agreeable and instructive neighbour is gone; yet my house is enlarg'd, and the gardens extend and flourish, as knowing nothing of the guests they have lost. I have more fruit-trees and kitchen-garden than you have any thought of; nay I have good Melons and Pine-

apples of my own growth. I am as much a better Gardener as I am a worse Poet, than when you saw me : But gardening is near a-kin to Philosophy, for Tully says, *Agricultura proxima sapientiæ*. For God's sake, why should not you (that are a step higher than a Philosopher, a Divine, yet have too much grace and wit than to be a Bishop) e'en give all you have to the Poor of Ireland (for whom you have already done every thing else) so quit the place, and live and die with me? And let *Tales animæ concordēs* be our Motto and our Epitaph.

LETTER XXXIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, April 22, 1736.

MY common illness is of that kind which utterly disqualifies me for all conversation; I mean my Deafness; and indeed it is that only which discourageth me from all thoughts of coming to England; because I am never sure that it may not return in a week. If it were a good honest Gout, I could catch an interval, to take a voyage, and in a warm lodging get an easy chair, and be able to hear and roar among my friends. "As to what you say of your
 " Letters, since you have many years of life more
 " than I, my resolution is to direct my Executors to
 " send you all your letters, well sealed and packet-
 " ed, along with some legacies mentioned in my
 " will, and leave them entirely to your disposal:
 " Those things are all tied up, endors'd and locked
 " in a cabinet, and I have not one servant who can

“ properly be said to write or read: No mortal shall
“ copy them, but you shall surely have them when
“ I am no more.” I have a little repined at my
being hitherto flipped by you in your Epistles, not
from any other ambition than the Title of a Friend,
and in that sense I expect you shall perform your
promise, if your health and leisure and inclination
will permit. I deny your losing on the side of Poetry;
I could reason against you a little from experience;
you are, and will be some years to come, at the age
when Invention still keeps its ground, and Judgment
is at full maturity; but your subjects are much more
difficult when confin’d to Verse. I am amazed to see
you exhaust the whole science of Morality in so ma-
sterly a manner. Sir W. Temple said, that the loss
of Friends was a Tax upon long life: It need not be
very long, since you have had so great a share, but
I have not above one left: and in this Country I have
only a few general companions of good nature and
middling understandings. How should I know Che-
felden? On your side, men of fame start up and die
before we here (at least I) know any thing of the
matter. I am a little comforted with what you say
of Lord B’s Genius still keeping up, and preparing
to appear by effects worthy of the author, and use-
ful to the world. — Common reports have made me
very uneasy about your neighbour Mr. P. It is af-
firmed that he hath been very near death: I love
him for being a Patriot in most corrupted times, and
highly esteem his excellent understanding. Nothing
but the perverse nature of my disorders, as I have
above described them, and which are absolute dis-
qualifications for converse, could hinder me from
waiting on you at Twickenham, and nursing you to
Paris. In short, my Ailments amount to a prohibi-
tion, although I am, as you describe yourself, what

I must call well, yet I have not spirits left to ride out, which (excepting walking) was my only diversion. And I must expect to decline every month, like one who lives upon his principal sum which must lessen every day; and indeed I am likewise literally almost in the same case, while every body owes me, and no-body pays me. Instead of a young race of Patriots on your side, which gives me some glympse of joy, here we have the direct contrary, a race of young Dunces and Atheists, or old Villains and Monsters, whereof four fifths are more wicked and stupid than Chartres. Your wants are so few, that you need not be rich to supply them; and my wants are so many, that a King's seven millions of guineas would not support me.

LETTER XXXIV.

Aug. 17, 1736.

I Find tho' I have less experience than you, the truth of what you told me some time ago, that increase of years makes men more talkative but less writative: to that degree, that I now write no letters but of plain business, or plain how-d'ye's, to those few I am forced to correspond with, either out of necessity, or love: And I grow Laconic even beyond Laconicisme; for sometimes I return only Yes, or No, to questionary or petitionary Epistles of half a yard long. You and Lord Bolingbroke are the only men to whom I write, and always in folio. You are indeed almost the only men I know, who either can write in this age, or whose writings will reach the next: Others are mere mortals. What-

ever failings such men may have, a respect is due to them, as Luminaries whose exaltation renders their motion a little irregular, or rather causes it to seem so to others. I am afraid to censure any thing I hear of Dean Swift, because I hear it only from mortals, blind and dull: And you shou'd be cautious of censuring any action or motion of Lord B. because you hear it only from shallow, envious, or malicious reporters. What you writ to me about him I find to my great scandal repeated in one of yours to. — Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the prophane? the thing, if true, should be conceal'd; but it is, I assure you, absolutely untrue, in every circumstance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fontainbleau, and makes it his whole business *vacare literis*. But tell me the truth, were you not angry at his omitting to write to you so long? I may, for I hear from him seldomer than from you, that is twice or thrice a year at most. Can you possibly think he can neglect you, or disregard you? If you catch yourself at thinking such nonsense, your parts are decay'd: For believe me, great Genius's must and do esteem one another, and I question if any others can esteem or comprehend uncommon merit. Others only guess at that merit, or see glimmerings of their minds: A genius has the intuitive faculty: Therefore, imagine what you will, you cannot be so sure of any man's esteem as of his. If I can think that neither he nor you despise me, it is a greater honour to me by far, and will be thought so by posterity, than if all the House of Lords writ Commendatory Verses upon me, the Commons order'd me to print my Works, the Universities gave me public thanks, and the King, Queen, and Prince crown'd me with Laurel. You are a very ignorant man; you don't know the figure his name and yours

will make hereafter: I do, and will preserve all the memorials I can, that I was of your intimacy; *longo, sed proximus, intervallo*. I will not quarrel with the present Age; it has done enough for me, in making and keeping you two my friends. Do not you be too angry at it, and let not him be too angry at it: it has done and can do neither of you any manner of harm, as long as it has not, and cannot burn your works: while those subsist, you'll both appear the greatest men of the time, in spite of Princes and Ministers; and the wisest, in spite of all the little Errors you may please to commit.

Adieu. May better health attend you, than, I fear, you possess; may but as good health attend you always as mine is at present; tolerable, when an easy mind is join'd with it.

LETTER XXXV.

From Dr. S W I F T.

Dec. 2, 1736.

I Think you owe me a letter, but whether you do or not, I have not been in a condition to write. Years and infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that odious continual disorder in my head. I neither read, nor write, nor remember, nor converse. All I have left is to walk and ride; the first I can do tolerably; but the latter, for want of good weather at this season, is seldom in my power; and having not an ounce of flesh about me, my skin comes off in ten miles riding, because my skin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry, because you

will not suppose me as sick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I should not be able to answer. I have too many vexations by my station and the impertinence of people, to be able to bear the mortification of not hearing from a very few distant friends that are left; and, considering how time and fortune have ordered matters, I have hardly one friend left but yourself. What Harace says, *Singula de nobis anni prædantur*, I feel every month, at farthest; and by this computation, if I hold out two years, I shall think it a miracle. My comfort is, you begun to distinguish so confounded early, that your acquaintance with distinguish'd men of all kinds was almost as antient as mine. I mean Wycherly, Row, Prior, Congreve, Addison, Parnel, &c. and in spite of your heart, you have owned me a Cotemporary. Not to mention Lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, Peterborow: In short, I was to other day recollecting twenty-seven great Ministers, or Men of Wit and learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance, within twenty years past: neither have I the grace to be sorry, that the present times are drawn to the dregs as well as my own life. — May my friends be happy in this and a better life, but I value not what becomes of Posterity when I consider from what Monsters they are to spring. — My Lord Orrery writes to you to-morrow, and you see I send this under his cover, or at least franked by him. He has 3000 *l.* a year about Cork, and the neighbourhood, and has more than three years rent unpaid: This is our condition, in these blessed times. I writ to your neighbour about a month ago, and subscribed my name: I fear he hath not received my letter, and wish you would ask him; but perhaps he is still a rambling; for we hear of him at Newmarket, and that Boerhaave hath restored

his health. — How my services are lessened of late with the number of my friends on your side! yet, my Lord Bathurst and Lord Masham and Mr. Lewis remain, and being your acquaintance I desire when you see them to deliver my compliments; but chiefly to Mrs. P. B. and let me know whether she be as young and agreeable as when I saw her last? Have you got a supply of new friends to make up for those who are gone? and are they equal to the first? I am afraid it is with friends as with times; and that the *laudator temporis acti se puero*, is equally applicable to both. I am less grieved for living here, because it is a perfect retirement, and consequently fittest for those who are grown good for nothing: for this town and kingdom are as much out of the world as North-Wales — My head is so ill that I cannot write a paper full as I used to do; and yet I will not forgive a blank of half an inch from you. — I had reason to expect from some of your letters, that we were to hope for more Epistles of Morality; and, I assure you, my acquaintance resent that they have not seen my name at the head of one. The subjects of such Epistles are more useful to the public, by your manner of handling them, than any of all your writings; and although, in so profligate a world as ours, they may possibly not much mend our manners, yet posterity will enjoy the benefit, whenever a Court happens to have the least relish for Virtue and Religion.

LETTER XXXVI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Decemb. 30, 1736.

YOUR very kind letter has made me more melancholy, than almost any thing in this world now can do. For I can bear every thing in it, bad as it is, better than the complaints of my friends. Tho' others tell me you are in pretty good health, and in good spirits, I find the contrary when you open your mind to me: And indeed it is but a prudent part, to seem not so concern'd about others, nor so crazy ourselves as we really are: for we shall neither be beloved nor esteem'd the more, by our common acquaintance, for any affliction or any infirmity. But to our true friend we may, we must complain, of what ('tis a thousand to one) he complains with us; for if we have known him long, he is old, and if he has known the world long, he is out of humour at it. If you have but as much more health than others at your age, as you have more wit and good temper you shall not have much of my Pity: But if you ever live to have less, you shall not have less of my Affection. A whole people will rejoice at every year that shall be added to you, of which you have had a late instance in the public rejoicings on your birth-day. I can assure you, something better and greater than high birth and quality must go toward acquiring those demonstrations of public esteem and love. I have seen a royal birth-day uncelebrated, but by one vile Ode, and one hired bonfire. Whatever years may take away from

you, they will not take away the general esteem, for your Sense, Virtue, and Charity.

The most melancholy effect of years is that you mention, the catalogue of those we lov'd and have lost, perpetually encreasing. How much that Reflection struck me, you'll see from the Motto I have prefix'd to my Book of Letters, which so much against my inclination has been drawn from me. It is from Catullus:

Quo desiderio veteres revocamus Amores,

Atque olim amissas flemus Amicitias!

I detain this letter till I can find some safe conveyance; innocent as it is, and as all letters of mine must be, of any thing to offend my superiors, except the reverence I bear to true merit and virtue. “But
 “ I have much reason to fear, those which you have
 “ too partially kept in your hands will get out in
 “ some very disagreeable shape, in case of our mortality: and the more reason to fear it, since this
 “ last month Curl has obtain'd from Ireland two letters, (one of Lord Bolingbroke and one of mine,
 “ to you, which we wrote in the year 1732) and he
 “ has printed them, to the best of my memory,
 “ rightly, except one passage concerning Dawley,
 “ which must have been since inserted, since my
 “ Lord had not that place at that time. Your answer
 “ to that letter he has not got; it has never been
 “ out of my custody; for whatever is lent is lost
 “ (Wit as well as Money) to these needy poetical
 “ Readers.”

The world will certainly be the better for his change of life. He seems in the whole turn of his letters, to be a settled and principled Philosopher, thanking Fortune for the Tranquillity he has been

led into by her aversion, like a man driven by a violent wind, from the sea into a calm harbour. You ask me, if I have got any supply of new Friends to make up for those that are gone? I think that impossible, for not our friends only, but so much of ourselves is gone by the mere flux and course of years, that, were the same Friends to be restored to us, we could not be restored to ourselves, to enjoy them. But as when the continual washing of a river takes away our flowers and plants, it throws weeds and sedges in their room ¹⁾; so the course of time brings us something, as it deprives us of a great deal; and instead of leaving us what we cultivated, and expected to flourish and adorn us, gives us only what is of some little use, by accident. Thus I have acquired, without my seeking, a few chance-acquaintance, of young men, who look rather to the past age than the present, and therefore the future may have some hopes of them. If I love them, it is because they honour some of those whom I, and the world, have lost, or are losing. Two or three of them have distinguish'd themselves in Parliament, and you will own in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you it is by their asserting of independency, and contempt of Corruption. One or two are link'd to me by their love of the same studies and the same authors: but I will own to you, my moral capacity has got so much the better of my poetical, that I have few acquaintance on the latter score, and none without a casting weight on the

¹⁾ There are some strokes in this letter, which can be accounted for no otherwise than by the Author's extreme compassion and tenderness of heart, too much affected by the complaints of a peevish old man, (labouring and impatient under his infirmities) and too intent in the friendly office of mollifying them.

former. But I find my heart harden'd and blunt to new impressions, it will scarce receive or retain affections of yesterday; and those friends who have been dead these twenty years, are more present to me now, than these I see daily. You, dear Sir, are one of the former sort to me in all respects, but that we can, yet, correspond together. I don't know whether 'tis not more vexatious, to know we are both in one world, without any further intercourse. Adieu. I can say no more, I feel so much; Let me drop into common things — Lord Masham has just married his son. Mr. Lewis has just buried his wife. Lord Oxford wept over your letters in pure kindness. Mrs. B. sighs more for you than for the loss of youth. She says, she will be agreeable many years hence, for she has learn'd that secret from some receipts of your writing. — Adieu.

LETTER XXXVII.

March 23, 1736-7.

THOU' you were never to write to me, yet what you desired in your last, that I would write often to you, would be a very easy task; for every day I talk with you, and of you, in my heart; and I need only set down what that is thinking of. The nearer I find myself verging to that period of life which is to be labour and sorrow, the more I prop myself upon those few supports that are left me. People in this state are like props indeed, they cannot stand alone, but two or more of them can stand, leaning and bearing upon one another. I wish you and I might pass this part of life together. My only

necessary care is at an end. I am now my own master too much; my house is too large; my gardens furnish too much wood and provision for my use. My servants are sensible and tender of me; they have intermarried, and are become rather low friends than servants: and to all those that I see here with pleasure, they take a pleasure in being useful. I conclude this is your case too in your domestic life, and I sometimes think of your old house-keeper as my nurse; tho' I tremble at the sea, which only divides us. As your fears are not so great as mine, and, I firmly hope, your strength still much greater, is it utterly impossible, it might once more be some pleasure to you to see England? My sole motive in proposing France to meet in, was the narrowness of the passage by sea from hence, the Physicians having told me the weakness of my breast, &c. is such, as a sea-sickness might indanger my life. Tho' one or two of our friends are gone, since you saw your native country, there remain a few more who will last so till death, and who, I cannot but hope, have an attractive power to draw you back to a Country, which cannot quite be sunk or enslaved, while such spirits remain. And let me tell you, there are a few more of the same spirit, who would awaken all your old Ideas, and revive your hopes of her future recovery and Virtue. These look up to you with reverence, and would be animated by the sight of him at whose soul they have taken fire, in his writings, and deriv'd from thence as much love of their species as is consistent with a contempt for the knaves of it.

I could never be weary, except at the eyes, of writing to you; but my real reason (and a strong one it is) for doing it so seldom, is Fear; Fear of a very great and experienc'd evil, that of my letters

being kept by the partiality of friends, and passing into the hands, and malice of enemies; who publish them with all their Imperfections on their head; so that I write not on the common terms of honest men.

Would to God you would come over with Lord Orrery, whose care of you in the voyage I could so certainly depend on; and bring with you your old house-keeper and two or three servants. I have room for all, a heart for all, and (think what you will) a fortune for all. We could, were we together, contrive to make our last days easy, and leave some sort of Monument, what friends two Wits could be in spite of all the fools in the world.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXVIII.

From DR. SWIFT.

Dublin, May. 31, 1737.

IT is true, I owe you some letters, but it has pleased God, that I have not been in a condition to pay you. When you shall be at my age, perhaps you may lie under the same disability to your present or future friends. But my age is not my disability, for I can walk six or seven miles, and ride a dozen. But I am deaf for two months together; this deafness unqualifies me for all company, except a few friends with counter-tenor voices, whom I can call names, if they do not speak loud enough for my ears. It is this evil that hath hindered me from venturing to the

Bath, and to Twickenham; for deafness being not a frequent disorder, hath no allowance given it; and the scurvy figure a man affected that way makes in company, is utterly insupportable.

It was I began with the petition to you of *Orna me*, and now you come like an unfair merchant, to charge me with being in your debt; which by your way of reckoning I must always be, for yours are always guineas, and mine farthings; and yet I have a pretence to quarrel with you, because I am not at the head of any one of your Epistles. I am often wondring how you come to excell all mortals on the subject of Morality, even in the poetical way; and should have wondred more, if Nature and Education had not made you a professor of it from your infancy.

“ All the letters I can find of yours, I have fastened
 “ in a folio cover, and the rest in bundles endors’d;
 “ But, by reading their dates, I find a chasm of six
 “ years, of which I can find no copies; and yet I
 “ keep them with all possible care: But, I have been
 “ forced, on three or four occasions, to send all my
 “ papers to some friends; yet those papers were
 “ all sent sealed in bundles, to some faithful friends;
 “ however, what I have are not much above sixty.”

I found nothing in any one of them to be left out: None of them have any thing to do with Party, of which you are the clearest of all men by your Religion, and the whole tenour of your life; while I am raging every moment against the Corruption of both kingdoms, especially of this; such is my weakness.

I have read your Epistle of Horace to Augustus: it was sent me in the English Edition, as soon as it could come. They are printing it in a small octavo. The curious are looking out, some for flattery. some

for Ironies in it; the four folks think they have found out some: But your admirers here, I mean every man of taste, affect to be certain, that the Profession of friendship to Me in the same poem, will not suffer you to be thought a Flatterer. My happiness is that you are too far engaged, and in spite of you the ages to come will celebrate me, and know you were a friend who loved and esteemed me, although I dyed the object of Court and Party hatred.

Pray, who is that Mr. Glover, who writ the Epic Poem call'd Leonidas, which is re-printing here, and hath great vogue? We have frequently good Poems of late from London. I have just read one upon Conversation, and two or three others. But the croud do not incumber you, who, like the Orator or Preacher, stand aloft, and are seen above the rest, more than the whole assembly below.

I am able to write no more, and this is my third endeavour, which is too weak to finish the paper. I am, my dearest friend, yours entirely, as long as I can write, or speak, or think.

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XXXIX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, July 23, 1736.

I Sent a letter to you some weeks ago, which my Lord Orrery inclosed in one of his, to which I receiv'd as yet no answer, but it will be time enough when his Lordship goes over, which will be, as he hopes, in about ten days, and then he will take with him "all the letters I preserved of yours, which
" are not above twenty - five. I find there is a great
" chasm of some years, but the dates are more early
" than my two last journeys to England, which
" makes me imagine, that in one of those journeys
" I carried over another Cargo." But I cannot trust my memory half an hour; and my disorders of deafness and giddiness increase daily. So that I am declining as fast as it is easily possible for me, if I were a dozen years older.

We have had your volume of letters, which, I am told, are to be printed here: Some of those who highly esteem you, and a few who know you personally, are grieved to find you make no distinction between the English Gentry of this Kingdom, and the savage old Irish (who are only the vulgar, and some Gentlemen who live in the Irish parts of the kingdom) but the English Colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many Counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred. And they think it very hard,

that an American who is of the fifth generation from England, should be allowed to preserve that title, only because we have been told by some of them that their names are entered in some parish in London. I have three or four Cousins here who were born in Portugal, whose parents took the same care, and they are all of them Londoners. Dr. Delany, who, as I take it, is of an Irish family, came to visit me three days ago, on purpose to complain of those passages in your Letters he will not allow such a difference between the two climates, but will assert that North-Wales, North-umberland Yorkshire, and the other Northern Shires have a more cloudy ungenial air than any part of Ireland. In short, I am afraid your friends and admirers here will force you to make a Palinody.

As for the other parts of your volume of Letters, my opinion is, that there might be collected from them the best System that ever was wrote for the Conduct of human life, at least to shame all reasonable men out of their Follies and Vices. It is some recommendation of this Kingdom, and of the taste of the people, that you are at least as highly celebrated here as you are at home. If you will blame us for Slavery, Corruption, Atheism, and such trifles, do it freely, but include England, only with an addition of every other Vice. — I wish you would give orders against the corruption of English by those Scriblers, who send us over their trash in Prose and Verse, with abominable curtailings and quaint modernisms. — I am now daily expecting an end of life: I have lost all spirit, and every scarp of health; I sometimes recover a little of my hearing, but

my head is ever out of order. While I have any ability to hold a commerce with you, I will never be silent, and this chancing to be a day that I can hold a pen, I will drag it as long as I am able. Pray let my Lord Orrery see you often; next to yourself I love no man so well; and tell him what I say, if he visits you. I have now done, for it is evening, and my head grows worse. May God always protect you, and preserve you long for a pattern of Piety and Virtue.

Farewel, my dearest and almost only constant friend. I am ever, at least in my esteem, honour and affection to you, what I hope you expect me to be,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XL.

From Dr. S W I F T.

My dear Friend.

Dublin, Aug. 8, 1738.

I Have yours of July 25, and first I desire you will look upon me as a man worn with years, and sunk by public as well as personal vexations. I have lost my memory, incapable of conversation by a cruel deafness, which has lasted almost a year, and I despair of any cure. I say not this to encrease your compassion (of which you have already too great a part) but as an excuse for my not being regular in my Letters to you, and some few other friends. I have an ill name in the Post-office of both Kingdoms, which makes the Letters addressed to me not seldom miscarry, or be opened and read, and then sealed in a bungling manner before they come to my hands. Our Friend Mrs. B. is very often in my thoughts, and high in my esteem; I desire, you will be the messenger of my humble thanks and service to her. That superior universal Genius you describe, whose hand-writing I know towards the end of your Letter, hath made me both proud and happy; but by what he writes I fear he will be too soon gone to his Forest abroad. He began in the Queen's time to be my Patron, and then descended to be my Friend.

It is a great favour of Heaven, that your health grows better by the addition of years. I have absolutely done with Poetry for several years past, and even at my best times I could produce nothing but trifles: I therefore reject your compliments on that

score, and it is no compliment in me; for I take your second Dialogue that you lately sent me, to equal almost any thing you ever writ; although I live so much out of the world, that I am ignorant of the facts and persons, which, I presume, are very well known from Temple-bar to St. James's; (I mean the Court exclusive.)

“ I can faithfully assure you, that every letter you
 “ have favour'd me with, these twenty years and
 “ more, are sealed up in bundles, and delivered to
 “ Mrs. W —, a very worthy, rational and judicious
 “ Cousin of mine, and the only relation whose visits
 “ I can suffer: All these Letters she is directed to
 “ send safely to you upon my decease.”

My Lord Orrery is gone with his Lady to a part of her estate in the North: She is a person of very good understanding as any I know of her sex. Give me leave to write here a short answer to my Lord B's letter in the last page of yours.

My dear Lord,

I am infinitely obliged to your Lordship for the honour of your letter, and kind remembrance of me. I do here confess, that I have more obligations to your Lordship than to all the world besides. You never deceived me, even when you were a great Minister of State: and yet I love you still more, for your condescending to write to me, when you had the honour to be an Exile. I can hardly hope to live till you publish your History, and am vain enough to wish that my name could be squeez'd in among the few Subalterns, *quorum pars parva fui*: If not, I will be revenged, and contrive some way to be known to futurity, that I had the honour to have your Lordship for my best Patron; and I will

FROM DR. SWIFT.

live and die, with the highest veneration and gratitude, your most obedient, &c.

P. S. I will here in a Postscript correct (if it be possible) the blunders I have made in my letter. I shewed my Cousin the above letter, and she assures me, that a great Collection of 1) ^{your} _{my} letters to ^{me,} _{you,} are put up and sealed, and in some very safe hand 2.) I am, my most dear and honoured Friend, entirely yours,

J. SWIFT.

It is now Aug. 24,
1738.

S I R,

I am more and more convinced that your letters are neither lost nor burnt: but who the Dean means by a safe hand in Ireland, is beyond my power of guessing, tho' am particularly acquainted with most, if not all, of his friends. As I knew you had the recovery of those Letters at heart, I took more than ordinary pains, to find out where they were; but my enquiries were to no purpose, and, I fear, whoever has them, is too tenacious of them to discover where they lie. "Mrs. W — did assure me she had not one " of them, and seem'd to be under great uneasiness " that you should imagine they were left with her.

1) 'Tis written just thus in the Original. The Book that is now printed seems to be part of the Collection here spoken of, as it contains not only the Letters of Mr. Pope but of Dr. Swift, both to him and Mr. Gay, which were return'd him after Mr. Gay's death: tho' any mention made by Mr. P. of the Return or Exchange of Letters has been industriously suppress'd in the Publication, and only appears by some of the Answers. P.

2) The Earl of ORRERY to Mr. POPE.

“ She likewise told me she had stop’d the Dean’s letter which gave you that information; but believed he would write such another; and therefore desired me to assure you, from her, that she was totally ignorant where they were.”

You may make what use you please, either to the Dean or any other person, of what I have told you. I am ready to testify it; and I think it ought to be known, “ That the Dean says they are deliver’d into a safe hand, and *) Mrs. W — declares she has them not. The Consequence of their being hereafter published may give uneasiness to some of your Friends, and of course to you: so I would do all in my power to make you entirely easy in that point.”

This is the first time I have put pen to paper since my late misfortune, and I should say (as an excuse for this letter) that it has cost me some pain, did it not allow me an opportunity to assure you, that I am,

Dear Sir,

With the truest esteem,

Your very faithful and obedient Servant,

O R R E R Y.

Marston, Oct. 4, 1738.

*) This Lady since gave Mr. Pope the strongest Assurances that she had used her utmost Endeavours to prevent the Publication; nay, went so far as to *secrete* the Book, till it was commanded from her, and delivered to the Dublin Printer: Whereupon her Son in law, D. Swift, Esq; insisted upon writing a Preface, to justify Mr. P. from having any Knowledge of it, and to lay it upon the corrupt Practices of the Printers in London; but this he would not agree to, as not knowing the Truth of the Fact. P.

L E T T E R S
T O
R A L P H A L L E N, Esq.

L E T T E R XLI.

Mr. P O P E to Mr. A L L E N.

Twitnam, April 30, 1736.

I Saw Mr. M. yesterday, who has readily allowed Mr. V. to copy the Picture. I have enquired for the best Originals of those two subjects, which, I found, were favourite ones with you, and well deserve to be so, the Discovery of Joseph to his Brethren, and the Resignation of the Captive by Scipio. Of the latter, my Lord Burlington has a fine one done by Ricci, and I am promised the other in a good Print from one of the chief Italian Painters. That of Scipio is of the exact size one would wish for a Basso Relievo, in which manner, in my opinion, you would best ornament your Hall, done in Chiaro oscuro.

A man not only shews his Taste, but his Virtue, in the choice of such ornaments: And whatever example most strikes us, we may reasonably imagine,

may have an influence upon others. So that the History itself, if well chosen, upon a rich man's walls, is very often a better lesson than any he could teach by his conversation. In this sense, the Stones may be said to speak when Men cannot, or will not. I can't help thinking (and I know you'll join with me, you who have been making an Altar-piece) that the zeal of the first Reformers was ill placed, in removing *pictures* (that is to say, examples) out of Churches; and yet suffering *Epitaphs* (that is to say, flatteries and false history) to be the burthen of Church-walls, and the shame, as well as derision, of all honest men.

I have heard little yet of the subscription 3). I intend to make a visit for a fortnight from home to Lady Peterborow at Southampton, about the middle of May. After my return I will enquire what has been done; and I really believe, what I told you will prove true, and I shall be honourably acquitted of a task I am not fond of 4). I have run out my leaf, and will only add my sincere wishes for your happiness of all kinds. I am, &c.

3) For his own Edit. of the 1st Vol. of his letters; undertaken at Mr. Allens request.

4) The printing his letters by subscription.

L E T T E R XLII.

Mr. P O P E to Mr. A L L E N.

Southampton, June 5, 1736.

I Need not say I thank you for a Letter, which proves so much friendship for me. I have much more to say upon it than I can, till we meet. But, in a word, I think your notion of the value of those things 5) is greatly too high, as to any service they can do to the public; and, as to any advantage they may do to my own Character, I ought to be content with what they have done already. I assure you I do not think it the least of those advantages that they have occasioned me the good-will (in so great a degree) of so worthy a man 6). I fear (as I must rather retrench than add to their number, unless I would publish my own commendations) that the common run of Subscribers would think themselves injured by not having every thing, which discretion must suppress; and this, they (without any other consideration than as buyers of a book) would call giving them an imperfect collection: whereas the only use to my own character, as an Author, of such a publication, would be the suppression of many things: and as to my character as a Man, it would be but just where it is; unless I could be so vain, for it could not be virtuous, to add more and more honest

5) His Letters.

6) Mr. Allen's friendship with the Author was contracted on the reading his Vol. of Letters, which gave the former the highest opinion of the other's general benevolence and goodness of heart.

sentiments; which, when done *to be printed*, would surely be wrong and weak also.

I do grant it would be some pleasure to me to expunge several idle passages, which will otherwise, if not go down to the next age, pass, at least, in this, for mine; although many of them were not, and, God knows, none of them are my present sentiments, but, on the contrary, wholly disapproved by me.

And I do not flatter you when I say, that pleasure would be increased to me, in knowing I should do what would please *you*. But I cannot persuade myself to let the whole burden, even tho' it were a public good, lie upon you, much less to serve my private fame entirely at another's expence 7).

But, understand me rightly: Did I believe half so well of them as you do, I would not scruple your assistance; because I am sure, that to occasion you to contribute to a real good would be the greatest benefit I could oblige you in. And I hereby promise you, if ever I am so happy as to find any just occasion where your generosity and goodness may unite for such a worthy end, I will not scruple to draw upon you for any sum to effect it.

As to the present affair; that you may be convinced what weight your opinion and your desires have with me, I will do what I have not yet done: I will tell my Friends I am as willing to publish this book as to let it alone. And, rather than suffer you to be taxed at your own rate, will publish, in the News, next winter, the Proposals, &c.

I tell you all these particulars to shew you how willing I am to follow your advice, nay, to accept

7) Mr. A. offered to print the Letters at his own expence.

your assistance in any moderate degree. But I think you should reserve so great a proof of your benevolence to a better occasion.

Since I wrote last, I have found, on further inquiry, that there is another fine picture on the subject of Scipio and the Captive, by Pietro da Cortona, which Sir Paul Methuen has a sketch of: and, I believe, is more expressive than that of Ricci, as Pietro is famous for expression. I have also met with a fine Print of the discovery of Joseph to his Brethren, a design, which, I fancy, is of La Sueur, and will do perfectly well.

I am, &c.

LETTER XLIII.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Nov. 6, 1736.

I Do not write too often to you for many reasons; but one, which I think a good one, is, that Friends should be left to think of one another for certain intervals without too frequent memorandums: it is an exercise of their friendship, and a trial of their memory; and moreover to be perpetually repeating assurances, is both a needless and suspicious kind of treatment with such as are sincere; not to add the tautology one must be guilty of, who can make out so many idle words as to fill pages with saying one thing. For all is said in this word, *I am truly yours.*

I am now as busy in planting for myself as I was lately in planting for another. And I thank God for

every wet Day and for every Fog, that gives me the head-ach, but prospers my works, They will indeed outlive me (if they do not die in their Travels from place to place; for my Garden, like my Life, seems, to me, every day to want correction, I hope, at least, for the better) but I am pleased to think my Trees will afford shade and fruit to others, when I shall want them no more. And it is no sort of grief to me, that those others will not be Things of my own poor body: But it is enough, they are Creatures of the same Species, and made by the same hand that made me. I wish (if a wish would transport me) to see you in the same employment: and it is no partiality even to you, to say it would be as pleasing to the full to me, if I could improve your works as my own.

Talking of works, mine in prose are above three quarters printed, and will be a book of fifty and more sheets in quarto. As I find, what I imagined, the slowness of subscribers, I will do all I can to disappoint *you* in particular, and intend to publish in January, when the Town fills, an Advertisement, that the book will be delivered by Lady-day, to oblige all that will subscribe, to do it. In the mean time, I have printed Receipts, which put an end to any persons delaying upon pretence of *doubt*, by determining that time. I send you a few that you may see I am in earnest, endeavouring all I can to save your money, at the same time that nothing can lessen the obligation to me.

I thank God for your health and for my own, which is better than usual.

I am, &c.

LETTER XLIV.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

June 8, 1737.

I Was very sorry to hear how much concern your humanity and friendship betrayed you into upon the false report which occasioned your grief. I am now so well, that I ought not to conceal it from you, as the just reward of your goodness which made you suffer for me. Perhaps when a Friend is really dead (if he knows our concern for him) he knows us to be as much mistaken in our sorrow as you now were: so that, what we think a real evil is, to such spirits as see things truly, no more of moment than a meer imaginary one. It is equally as God pleases; let us think or call it good or evil.

I wish the world would let me give myself more to such people in it as I like, and discharge me of half the honours which persons of higher rank bestow on me; and for which one generally pays a little too much of what they cannot bestow, Time and Life. Were I arrived to that happier circumstance, you would see me at Widcombe, and not at Bath. But whether it will be as much in my power as in my wish, God knows. I can only say, I think of it with the pleasure and sincerity becoming one who is, &c.

LETTER XLV.

Mr. P O P E to Mr. A L L E N.

Nov. 24, 1737.

THE event ⁸⁾ of this week or fortnight has filled every body's mind and mine so much, that I could not get done what you desired as to Dr. P. but as soon as I can get home, where my books lie, I will send them to Mr. K. The death of great persons is such a sort of surprise to *all*, as every one's death is to himself, tho' both should equally be expected and prepared for. We begin to esteem and commend our superiors, at the time that we pity them; because then they seem not above ourselves. The Queen shewed, by the confession of all about her, the utmost firmness and temper to her last moments, and thro' the course of great torments. What character historians will allow her, I do not know; but all her domestic servants, and those nearest her, give her the best testimony, that of sincere tears. But the public is always hard; rigid at best, even when just, in its opinion of any one. The only pleasure which any one, either of high or low rank, must depend upon receiving, is in the candour or partiality of friends, and that small circle we are conversant in: and it is therefore the greatest satisfaction to such as wish us well, to know we enjoy that. I therefore thank you particularly for telling me of the continuance, or rather increase of those blessings which make your domestic life happy. I have nothing so good to add, as to assure you I pray for it, and am always faithfully and affectionately, &c.

⁸⁾ The Queen's death.

LETTER XLVI.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Twickenham, April 28, 1738.

IT is a pain to me to hear your old complaint so troublesome to you; and the share I have borne, and still bear too often, in the same complaint, gives me a very feeling sense of it. I hope we agree in every other sensation besides this; for your *heart* is always right, whatever your body may be. I will venture too to say my body is the worst part of me, or God have mercy on my soul. I can't help telling you the rapture you accidentally gave the poor woman (for whom you left a Guinea, on what I told you of my finding her at the end of my garden) I had no notion of her want being so great, as I then told you, when I gave her half a one. But I find I have a pleasure to come, for I will allow her something yearly, and that may be but one year, for, I think, by her looks she is not less than eighty. I am determined to take this charity out of your hands, which, I know, you'll think hard upon you. But so it shall be.

Pray tell me if you have any objection to my putting your name into a poem of mine (incidentally, not at all going out of the way for it) provided I say something of you, which most people would take ill, for example, that you are no man of high birth or quality? You must be perfectly free with me on this, as on any, nay, on every other occasion.

I have nothing to add but my wishes for your health: every other enjoyment you will provide for yourself, which becomes a reasonable man. Adieu.

I am, &c.

LETTER XLVII.

Mr. P O P E to Mr. A L L E N.

Jan. 20.

I Ought sooner to have acknowledged yours, but I have been severely handled by my Asthma, and, at the same time, hurried by business that gave an increase to it by catching cold. I am truly sorry to find that neither yours nor Mrs. A.'s disorder is totally removed: but God forbid your pain should continue to return every day, which is worse by much than I expected to hear. I hope your next will give me a better account. Poor Mr. Bethel too is very ill in Yorkshire. And, I do assure you, there are no two men I wish better to. I have known and esteemed him for every moral virtue these twenty years and more. He has all the charity, without any of the weakness of —; and, I firmly believe, never said a thing he did not think, nor did a thing he could not tell. I am concerned he is in so cold and remote a place, as in the Wolds of Yorkshire, at a hunting-seat. If he lives till spring, he talks of returning to London, and, if I possibly can, I would get him to lye out of it at Twickenham, tho' we went backward and forward every day in a warm coach, which would be the properest exercise for

both of us, since he is become so weak as to be deprived of riding a horse.

L. Bolingbroke stays a month yet, and I hope Mr. Warburton will come to town before he goes. They will both be pleased to meet each other; and nothing, in all my life, has been so great a pleasure to my nature, as to bring deserving and knowing men together. It is the greatest favour that can be done, either to great genius's or useful men. I wish too, he were a while in town, if it were only to lye a little in the way of some proud and powerful persons, to see if they have any of the best sort of pride left, namely, to serve learning and merit, and by that means distinguish themselves from their predecessors.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

M R. P O P E to M R. A L L E N.

March 6.

I Thank you very kindly for yours. I am sure we shall meet with the same hearts we ever met; and I could wish it were at Twickenham, tho' only to see you and Mrs. Allen twice there instead of once. But, as matters have turned out, a decent obedience to the government has since obliged me to reside here, ten miles out of the capital; and therefore I must see you here or no where. Let that be an additional reason for your coming and staying what time you can.

The utmost I can do, I will venture to tell you in your ear. I may slide along the Surrey side (where no Middlesex justice can pretend any cognizance) to

Battersea, and thence cross the water for an hour or two, in a close chair, to dine with you, or so. But to be in town, I fear, will be imprudent, and thought insolent. At least, hitherto, all comply with the proclamation *9*).

I write thus early, that you may let me know if your day continues, and I will have every room in my house as warm for you as the owner always would be. It may possibly be, that I shall be taking the secret flight I speak of to Battersea, before you come, with Mr. Warburton, whom I have promised to make known to the only great man in Europe, who knows as much as He. And from thence we may return the 16th, or any day, hither, and meet you, without fail, if you fix your day.

I would not make ill health come into the scale, as to keeping me here (tho', in truth, it now bears very hard upon me again, and the least accident of cold, or motion almost, throws me into 'a very dangerous and suffering condition.) God send you long life, and an easier enjoyment of your breath than I now can expect, I fear, &c.

9) On the Invasion, at that time threatened from France and the Pretender.

L E T T E R S
 O F
 Mr. P O P E
 T O
 Mr. W A R B U R T O N.

L E T T E R XLIX.

April 11, 1739.

I Have just received from Mr. R. two more of your *Letters* 1). It is in the greatest hurry imaginable that I write this, but I cannot help thanking you in particular for your *Third Letter*, which is so extremely clear, short, and full, that I think Mr. Crouzaz 2) ought never to have another answerer, and deserved not so good an one. I can only say, you do him too much honour, and me too much right, so odd as the expression seems, for you have made my system as clear as I ought to have done and could not. It is indeed the same system as mine, but illustrated with a ray of your own, as they say our natural

1) Commentaries on the *Essay on Man*.

2) A German professor, who wrote remarks upon the philosophy of that *Essay*.

body is the same still when it is glorified. I am sure I like it better than I did before, and so will every man else. I know I meant just what you explain, but I did not explain my own meaning so well as you. You understand me as well as I do myself, but you express me better than I could express myself. Pray accept the sincerest acknowledgements. I cannot but wish these letters were put together in one book, and intend (with your leave) to procure a translation of part, at least, of all them into French ³⁾; but I shall not proceed a step without your consent and opinion, &c.

LETTER L.

May 26, 1739.

THE dissipation in which I am obliged to live through many degrees of civil obligation, which ought not to rob a man of himself who passes for an independent one, and yet make me every body's servant more than my own: This, Sir, is the occasion of my silence to you, to whom I really have more obligation than to almost any man. By writing, indeed, I proposed no more than to tell you my sense of it: As to any corrections of your *Letters* I could make none, but what resulted from inverting the Order of them, and those expressions relating to myself which I thought exaggerated. I could not find a word to alter in the last letter, which I return'd immediately to the Bookseller. I must particularly

³⁾ They were all translated into that language by a French gentleman of condition, who is now in an eminent Station in his own country.

thank you for the mention you have made of me in your Postscript 4) to the last Edition of the *Legation of Moses*. I am much more pleased with a compliment that links me to a virtuous Man, and by the best similitude, that of a good mind (even a better and stronger tye than the similitude of studies) than I could be proud of any other whatsoever. May that independency attend you, which sets a good priest above a bishop, and truly makes his Fortune: that is, his happiness in this life as well as in the other.

LETTER LI.

Twitenham, Sept. 20, 1739.

I Received with great pleasure the paper you sent me; and yet with greater, the prospect you give me of a nearer acquaintance with you when you come to Town. I shall hope what part of your time you can afford me, amongst the number of those who esteem you, will be past rather in this place than in London; since it is here only I live as I ought *mihi et amicis*. I therefore depend on your promise; and so much as my constitution suffers by the winter, I yet assure you, such an acquisition will make the spring much the more welcome to me, when it is to bring you hither, *cum zephyris et hirundine prima*.

4) He means, a *Vindication of the Author of the Divine Legation*, against some papers in the Weekly Miscellany: in which the Editor applied to himself those lines in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot,

Me let the tender office long engage, &c.

As soon as Mr. R. can transmit to me an entire copy of your *Letters*, I wish he had your leave so to do; that I may put the book into the hands of a French gentleman to translate, who, I hope, will not subject your work to as much ill-grounded criticism, as my French translator 5) has subjected mine. In earnest, I am extremely obliged to you, for thus espousing the cause of a stranger whom you judged to be injured; but my part, in this sentiment, is the least. The generosity of your conduct deserves esteem, your zeal for truth deserves affection from every candid man: And as such, were I wholly out of the case, I should esteem and love you for it. I will not therefore use you so ill as to write in the general style of compliment; it is below the dignity of the occasion; and I can only say (which I say with sincerity and warmth) that you have made me, &c.

LETTER LII.

Jan. 4, 1739.

IT is a real truth that I should have written to you oftner, if I had not a great respect for you, and owed not a great debt to you. But it may be no unnecessary thing to let you know that most of my friends also pay you their thanks; and some of the most knowing, as well as most candid Judges think me as much beholden to you as I think myself. Your *Letters* 6) meet from such with the Approbation they merit, and I have been able to find but two or three

5) *Refnel*, on whose very faulty and absurd translation Crouzaz founded his only plausible objections.

6) On the *Essay on Man*.

very slight Inaccuracies in the whole book, which I have, upon their observation, altered in an exemplar which I keep against a second Edition. My very uncertain state of health, which is shaken more and more every winter, drove me to Bath and Bristol two months since; and I shall not return towards London till February. But I have received nine or ten Letters from thence on the success of your book 7), which they are earnest to have translated. One of them is begun in France. A French gentleman, about Monsieur Cambis the Ambassador, hath done the greatest part of it here. But I will retard the Impression till I have your directions, or till I can have a pleasure I earnestly wish for, to meet you in town, where you gave me some hopes you sometimes pass'd a part of the spring, for the best reason, I know, of ever visiting it, the conversation of a few Friends. Pray, suffer me to be what you have made me, one of them, and let my house have its share of you: or, if I can any way be instrumental in accommodating you in town during your stay, I have lodgings and a library or two in my disposal; which, I believe, I need not offer to a man to whom all libraries ought to be open, or to one who wants them so little; but that 'tis possible you may be as much a stranger to this town, as I wish with all my heart I was. I see by certain squibs in the *Miscellanies* 8) that you have as much of the uncharitable spirit pour'd out upon you, as the Author you defended from Crouzaz. I only wish you gave them no other answer than that of the sun to the frogs, shinning out, in your second book, and the com-

7) The Commentary on the Essay on Man.

8) The Weekly Miscellany, by Dr. Webster, Dr. Waterland, Dr. Stebbing, Mr. Venn, and others.

pletion of your argument. No man is, as he ought to be, more, or so much a friend to your merit and character, as, Sir,

Your, &c.

LETTER LIII.

Jan. 17, 1739-40.

THough I writ to you two posts ago, I ought to acknowledge now a new and unexpected favour of the Remarks on the fourth epistle 9); which (though I find by yours, attending them, they were sent last month) I received but this morning. This was occasioned by no fault of Mr. R. but the neglect, I believe, of the person to whose care he consigned them. I have been full three months about Bath and Bristol, endeavouring to amend a complaint which more or less has troubled me all my life: I hope the regimen this has obliged me to, will make the remainder of it more philosophical, and improve my resignation to part with it at last. I am preparing to return home, and shall then revise what my French gentleman has done, and add *this* to it. He is the same person who translated the *Essay* into prose, which Mr. Crouzaz should have profited by, who, I am really afraid, when I lay the circumstances all together, was moved to his proceeding in so very unreasonable a way, by some malice either of his own, or some other's: tho' I was very willing, at first, to impute it to ignorance or prejudice. I see nothing to be added to your work; only some commendatory

9) Of the *Essay on Man*.

Deviations from the Argument itself, in my favour, I ought to think might be omitted.

I must repeat my urgent desire to be previously acquainted with the precise time of your visit to London; that I may have the pleasure to meet a man in the manner I would, whom I must esteem one of the greatest of my Benefactors. I am, with the most grateful and affectionate regard, &c.

LETTER LIV.

April 16, 1740.

YOU could not give me more pleasure than by your short letter, which acquaints me that I may hope to see you so soon. Let us meet like men who have been many years acquainted with each other, and whose friendship is not to begin, but continue. All forms should be past, when people know each other's mind so well: I flatter myself you are a man after my own heart, who seeks content only from within, and says to greatness, *Tuas habeto tibi res, egomet habebo meas*. But as it is but just your other friends should have some part of you, I insist on my making you the first visit in London; and thence, after a few days, to carry you to Twickenham, for as many as you can afford me. If the press be to take up any part of your time, the sheets may be brought you hourly thither by my waterman: and you will have more leisure to attend to any thing of that sort than in town. I believe also I have most of the Books you can want, or can easily borrow them. I earnestly desire a line may be left at Mr. R.'s, where and when I shall call upon you, which I

will daily enquire for, whether I chance to be here, or in the country. Believe me, Sir, with the truest regard, and the sincerest wish to deserve.

Yours, &c.

LETTER LV.

Twitenham, June 24, 1740.

IT is true that I am a very unpunctual correspondent, tho' no unpunctual agent or friend; and that, in the commerce of words, I am both poor and lazy. Civility and Compliment generally are the goods that letter-writers exchange, which, with honest men, seems a kind of illicit trade, by having been, for the most part carried on, and carried furthest by designing men. I am therefore reduced to plain enquiries, how my friend does, and what he does? and to repetitions, which I am afraid to tire him with, *how much I love him*. Your two kind letters gave me real satisfaction, in hearing you were safe and well, and in shewing me you took kindly my unaffected endeavours to prove my esteem for you, and delight in your conversation. Indeed my languid state of health, and frequent deficiency of spirits, together with a number of dissipations, *et aliena negotia centum*, all conspire to throw a faintness and cool appearance over my conduct to those I best love; which I perpetually feel, and grieve at: But in earnest, no man is more deeply touched with merit in general, or with particular merit towards me, in any one. You ought therefore in both views to hold yourself what you are to me in my opinion

and affection; so high in each, that I may perhaps seldom attempt to tell it you. The greatest justice, and favour too that you can do me, is to take it for granted.

Do not therefore commend my talents, but instruct me by your own. I am not really learned enough to be a judge in works of the nature and depth of yours. But I travel thro' your book as thro' an amazing scene of ancient Egypt or Greece; struck with veneration and wonder; but at every step wanting an instructor to tell me all I wish to know. Such you prove to me in the walks of antiquity; and such you will prove to all mankind: but with this additional character, more than any other searcher into antiquities, that of a genius equal to your pains, and of a taste equal to your learning.

I am obliged greatly to you, for what you have projected at Cambridge, in relation to my *Essay* 1); but more for the motive which did originally, and does consequentially in a manner, animate all your goodness to me, the opinion you entertain of my honest intention in that piece, and your zeal to demonstrate me no irreligious man. I was very sincere with you in what I told you of my own opinion of my own character as a poet 2), and, I think I may conscientiously say, I shall die in it. I have nothing to add, but that I hope sometimes to hear you are well, as you certainly shall now and then hear the best I can tell you of myself.

1) Mr. Pope desired the editor to procure a good translation of the *Essay on Man*, into latin prose.

2) See his Life.

LETTER LVI.

Octob. 27, 1730.

I Am grown so bad a correspondent, partly thro' the weakness of my eyes, which has much increased of late, and partly thro' other disagreeable accidents (almost peculiar to me) that my oldest as well as best friends are reasonable enough to excuse me. I know you are of the number who deserve all the testimonies of any sort, which I can give you of esteem and friendship; and I confide in you, as a man of candour enough, to know it cannot be otherwise, if I am an honest one. So I will say no more on this head, but proceed to thank you for your constant memory of whatever may be serviceable or reputable to me. The Translation 3) you are much better judge of than I, not only because you understand my work better than I do myself, but as your continued familiarity with the learned languages, makes you infinitely more a master of them. I would only recommend that the Translator's attention to Tully's Latinity may not preclude his usage of some *Terms* which may be more *precise* in modern philosophy than such as he could serve himself of, especially in matters metaphysical. I think this specimen close enough, and clear also, as far as the classical phrases allow; from which yet I would rather he sometimes deviated, than suffered the sense to be either dubious or clouded too much. You know my mind perfectly as to the intent of such a version, and I would have it accompanied with your own remarks

3) Of his *Essay on Man* into latin prose.

translated, such only I mean as are general, or explanatory of those passages, which are concise to any degree of obscurity, or which demand perhaps too minute an attention in the reader.

I have been unable to make the Journey I designed to Oxford, and Lord Bathurst's, where I hoped to have made you of the party. I am going to Bath for near two months. Yet pray let nothing hinder me sometimes from hearing you are well. I have had that contentment from time to time from Mr. G.

Scriblerus 4) will or will not be published, according to the event of some other papers coming, or not coming out, which it will be my utmost endeavour to hinder 5). I will not give you the pain of acquainting you what they are. Your simile of B. and his nephew, would make an excellent epigram. But all Satire is become so ineffectual (when the last step that Virtue can stand upon, *shame*, is taken away) that Epigram must expect to do nothing even in its own little province, and upon its own little subjects. Adieu. Believe I wish you nearer us; the only power I wish is that of attaching, and at the same time supporting, such congenial bodies as you are to, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

4) The *Memoirs of Scriblerus*.

5) The letters publish'd by Dr. Swift.

LETTER LVII.

Bath, Feb. 4, 1740-1.

IF I had not been made by many accidents so sick of letter-writing, as to be almost afraid of the shadow of my own pen, you would be the person I should ofteneft pour myself out to: indeed for a good reason, for you have given me the strongest proofs of understanding, and accepting, my meaning in the best manner; and of the candour of your heart, as well as the clearness of your head. My vexations I would not trouble you with, but I must just mention the two greatest I now have. They have printed in Ireland, my letters to Dr. Swift, and (which is the strangest circumstance) by his own consent and direction 6), without acquainting me till it was done. The other is one that will continue with me till some prosperous event to your service shall bring us nearer to each other. I am not content with those glymses of you, which a short spring visit affords; and from which you carry nothing away with you but my sighs and wishes, without any real benefit.

I am heartily glad of the advancement of your *second Volume* 7); and particularly of the *Digressions*, for they are *so much more of you*; and I can trust your judgment enough to depend upon their being pertinent. You will, I question not, verify the good proverb, that the furthest way about, is

6) N. B. This was the strongest resentment he ever express'd of this indiscretion of his old friend, as being persuaded that it proceeded from no ill-will to him, tho' it expos'd him to the ill-will of others.

7) Of the *Divine Legation*,

the nearest way home: and much better than plunging thro' thick and thin, *more Theologorum*; and persisting in the same old track, where so many have either broken their necks, or come off very lamely.

This leads me to thank you for that very entertaining, and, I think, instructive story of Dr. W * * *, who was, in this, the image of * * *, who never admit of any remedy from a hand they dislike. But I am sorry he had so much of the modern Christian rancour, as, I believe, he may be convinced by this time, that the kingdom of Heaven is not for such.

I am just returning to London, and shall the more impatiently expect your book's appearance, as I hope you will follow it; and that I may have as happy a month thro' your means as I had the last spring.

I am, &c.

LETTER LVIII.

April 14, 1741.

YOU are every way kind to me; in your partiality to what is tolerable in me; and in your freedom where you find me in an error. Such I own, is the instance given of — You owe me much friendship of this latter sort, having been too profuse of the former.

I think every day a week till you come to town, which, Mr. G. tells me, will be in the beginning of the next month: When, I expect, you will contrive to be as beneficial to me as you can, by passing with me as much time as you can: every day of which is

will be my fault if I do not make of some use to me, as well as pleasure. This is all I have to tell you, and, be assured, my sincerest esteem and affection are yours.

LETTER LIX.

Twitenham, Aug. 12, 1741.

THE general indisposition I have to writing, unless upon a belief of the necessity or use of it, must plead my excuse in not doing it to you. I know it is not (I feel it is not) needful to repeat assurances of the true and constant friendship and esteem I bear you. Honest and ingenious minds are sure of each other's; the tye is mutual and solid. The use of writing letters resolves wholly into the gratification given and received in the knowledge of each other's welfare: Unless I ever should be so fortunate (and a rare fortune it would be) to be able to procure, and acquaint you of, some real benefit done you by my means. But Fortune seldom suffers one disinterested man to serve another. 'Tis too much an insult upon her to let two of those who most despise her favours, be happy in them at the same time, and in the same instance. I wish for nothing so much at her hands, as that she would permit some great Person or other to remove you nearer the banks of the Thames; tho' very lately a nobleman, whom you esteem much more than you know, had destined &c. —

I thank you heartily for your hints; and am afraid if I had more of them, not on this only, but on other subjects, I should break my resolution, and become

an author anew: nay a new author, and a better than I yet have been; or God forbid I should go on jingling only the same bells!

I have received some chagrin at the delay of your Degree at Oxon 8). As for mine, I will die before I receive one, in an art I am ignorant of, at a place where there remains any scruple of bestowing one on you, in a science of which you are so great a master. In short, I will be doctor'd with you, or not at all. I am sure, wherever honour is not conferred on the deserving, there can be none given to the undeserving; no more from the hands of Priests, than of Princes. Adieu. God give you all *true blessings*.

LETTER LX.

September 20, 1741.

IT is not my friendship, but the discernment of that nobleman 9) I mentioned, which you are to thank for his intention to serve you. And his judgment is so uncontroverted, that it would really be a pleasure to you to owe him any thing; instead of a

8) This relates to an accidental affair which happened this summer, in a ramble that Mr. P. and Mr. W. took together, in which Oxford fell in their way, where they parted; Mr. P. after one's day's stay going westward, and Mr. W. who staid a day after him, to visit the dean of C. C. returning to London. On this day the Vice-chancellor, the Rev. Dr. L. sent him a message to his lodgings, by a person of eminence in that place, with an usual compliment, to know if a Doctor's degree in Divinity would be acceptable to him; to which such an answer was returned as so civil a message deserved. About this time, Mr. Pope had the same offer made him of a Doctor's degree in Law. And to the issue of that unasked and unsought compliment these words allude.

9) Lord Chesterfield,

shame, which often is the case in the favours of men of that rank. I am sorry I can only wish you well, and not do myself honour in doing you any good. But I comfort myself when I reflect, few men could make you happier, none more deserving than you have made yourself.

I don't know how I have been betray'd into a paragraph of this kind. I ask your pardon, tho' it be truth, for saying so much. —

If I can prevail on myself to complete 1) the Dunciad, it will be published at the same time with a general edition of all my Verses (for Poems I will not call them) and, I hope, your Friendship to me will be then as well known, as my being an Author; and go down together to Posterity. I mean to as much of Posterity as poor moderns can reach to; where the Commentator (as usual) will lend a crutch to the weak Poet to help him to limp a little further, than he could on his own feet. We shall take our degree together in Fame, whatever we do at the University: And I tell you once more 2), I will not have it there without you. —

1) He had then communicated his intention to the Editor, of adding a fourth book to it, in pursuance of the Editor's advice.

2) This was occasioned by the editor's requesting him not to slight the honour ready to be done him by the University: and especially, not to decline it on the Editor's account, who had no reason to think the affront done him the act of that illustrious body, but the contrivance of two or three particulars, the creatures of a man in power, and the slaves of their own passions and prejudices.

LETTER LXI.

Bath, Nov. 12, 1741.

I Am always naturally sparing of my letters to my Friends; for a reason I think a great one; that it is needless after experience, to repeat assurances of Friendship; and no less irksome to be searching for words, to express it over and over. But I have more calls than one for this letter. First, to express a satisfaction at your resolution not to keep up the ball of dispute with Dr. M. tho' I am satisfied, you could have done it; and to tell you that Mr. L. is pleased at it too, who writes me word upon this occasion, that he must infinitely esteem a Divine, and an Author who loves Peace better than Victory. Secondly I am to recommend to you as an author, a bookseller in the room of the honest one you have lost, Mr. G. and I know none who is so worthy, and has so good a title in that character to succeed him as Mr. Knapton. But my third motive of now troubling you is my own proper interest and pleasure. I am here in more leisure than I can possibly enjoy even in my own house, *vacare literis*. It is at this place, that your exhortations may be most effectual, to make me resume the studies I have almost laid aside, by perpetual avocations and dissipations. If it were practicable for you to pass a month or six weeks from home, it is here I could wish to be with you: And if you would attend to the continuation of your own noble work, or unbend to the idle amusement of commenting upon a poet, who has no other merit, than that of aiming by his moral strokes to merit some regard from such as advance Truth and Virtue in a more effectual way; in either case, this place and this house would be an inviolable asylum to you, from all you

would desire to avoid, in so public a scene as Bath. The worthy man, who is the master of it, invites you in the strongest terms; and is one who would treat you with love and veneration, rather than what the world calls civility and regard. He is sincerer and plainer than almost any man now in this world, *antiquis moribus*. If the waters of the Bath may be serviceable to your complaints (as I believe from what you have told me of them) no opportunity can ever be better. It is just the best season. We are told the Bishop of Salisbury is expected here daily, who, I know is your friend: at least, though a Bishop, is too much a man of learning to be your enemy. You see I omit nothing to add to the weight in the balance, in which however, I will not think myself light, since I have known your partiality. You will want no servant here. Your room will be next to mine, and one man will serve us. Here is a Library and a Gallery ninety feet long to walk in, and a coach whenever you would take the air with me. Mr. ALLEN tells me, you might on horseback be here in three days; it is less than 100 miles from Newarke, the road through Leicester, Stow in the Wolde in Gloucestershire, and Cirencester by Lord Bathurst's. I could engage to carry you to London from hence, and I would accommodate my time and journey to your conveniency.

Is all this a dream? or can you make it a reality?
can you give ear to me?

*Ludistis? an me ludit amabilis
Infania.*

Dear Sir, adieu; and give me a line to Mr. Allen's
at Bath. God preserve you ever.

LETTER LXII.

Nov. 22, 1741.

Yours is very full and very kind, it is a friendly and satisfactory answer, and all I can desire. Do but instantly fulfil it. — Only I hope this will find you before you set out. For I think (on all considerations) your best way will be to take London in your way. It will secure you from accidents of weather to travel in the coach, both thither, and from thence hither. But in particular, I think you should take some care as to Mr. G's executors. And I am of opinion, no man will be more serviceable in settling any such accounts than Mr. Knapton, who so well knows the trade, and is of so acknowledged a credit in it. If you can stay but a few days there, I should be glad; tho' I would not have you omit any necessary thing to yourself. I wish too you would just see * * *, tho' when you have pass'd a month here, it will be time enough, for all we have to do in town, and they will be less busy, probably, than just before the Session opens, to think of men of letters.

When you are in London I beg a line from you, in which pray tell us what day you shall arrive at Bath by the coach, that we may send to meet you, and bring you hither.

You will owe me a real obligation by being made acquainted with the master of this house; and by sharing with me, what I think one of the chief satisfactions of my life, his Friendship. But whether I shall owe you any in contributing to make me a scribler again *1*), I know not.

1) He had concerted the plan of the fourth book of the Dunciad with the Editor the summer before; and had now written a great part of it; which he was willing the Editor should see.

LETTER LXIII.

April 23, 1742.

MY letters are so short, partly because I could by no length of *writings* (not even by such as lawyers write) convey to you more than you have already of my heart and esteem; and partly because I want time and eyes. I can't sufficiently tell you both my pleasure and my gratefulness, in and for your two last letters, which shew your zeal so strong for that piece of my idleness, which was literally written only to keep *me* from sleeping in a dull winter, and perhaps to make others sleep unless awaken'd by my Commentator; no uncommon case among the learned. I am every day in expectation of Lord Bolingbroke's arrival: with whom I shall seize all the hours I can; for his stay (I fear by what he writes) will be very short. — I do not think it impossible but he may go to Bath for a few weeks, to see (if he be then alive, as yet he is) his old servant. — In that case I think to go with him, and if it should be at a season when the waters are beneficial (which agree particularly with him too) would it be an impossibility to meet you at Mr. Allen's? whose house, you know, and heart are yours. Tho' this is a mere chance, I should not be sorry you saw so great a genius, tho' he and you were never to meet again. — Adieu. The world is not what I wish it; but I will not repent being in it while two or three live.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXIV.

Bath, Nov. 27, 1742.

THIS will shew you I am still with our friend, but it is the last day; and I would rather you heard of me pleased, as I yet am, than chagrin'd as I shall be in a few hours. We are both pretty well. I wish you had been more explicate if your leg be quite well. You say no more than that you got home well. I expect a more particular account of you when you have repos'd yourself a while at your own fire-side. I shall inquire as soon as I am in London, which of my friends have seen you? There are two or three who knew how to value you: I wish I was as sure they would study to serve you. — A project has arisen in my head to make you, in some measure, the Editor of this new edition of the *Dunciad* 2), if you have no scruple of owning some of the graver notes, which are now added 3) to those of Dr. Arbuthnot. I mean it as a kind of prelude, or advertisement to the public, of your *Commentaries on the Essays on Man*, and on *Criticism*, which I propose to print next in another volume proportioned to this. I only doubt whether an avowal of these notes to so ludicrous a poem be suitable to a character so established as yours for more serious studies. It was a sudden thought since we parted; and I would have you treat it as no more: and tell me if it is not better to be suppress'd; freely and friendlily. I have a particular reason to make you interest yourself in me and my writings. It will cause both them and me to make

2) That is, of the four books complete.

3) Added in the three first books, and distinguished in this edition of his works.

the better figure to posterity. A very mediocre poet, one Drayton, is yet taken some notice of, because Selden writ a few notes on one of his poems. —

Adieu. May every domestic happiness make you unwilling to remove from home; and may every friend, you do that kindness for, treat you so as to make you forget you are not at home.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXV.

Dec. 28, 1742.

I Have always so many things to take kindly of you, that I don't know which to begin to thank you for. I was willing to conclude our whole account of the *Dunciad*, at least, and therefore staid till it was finished. The encouragement you gave me to add the fourth book first determined me to do so; and the approbation you seem'd to give it was what singly determined me to print it. Since that, your Notes and your Discourse in the name of Aristarchus have given its last finishings and ornaments. — I am glad you will refresh the *memory* of such readers as have no other faculty to be readers, especially of such works as the *Divine Legation*. But I hope you will not take too much notice of another and duller sort; those who become writers thro' malice, and must die whenever you please to shine out in the completion of the Work: which I wish were now your only answer to any of them: except you will make use of that short and excellent one you gave me in the story of the *reading glass*.

The world here grows very busy. About what time is it you think of being amongst us? My health, I fear, will confine me, whether in town or here, so that I may expect more of your company as one good resulting out of evil.

I write, you know, very laconically. I have but one formula which says every thing to a Friend, "I am yours, and beg you to continue mine." Let me not be ignorant (you can prevent my being so of *any thing*, but first and principally) of your health and well being; and depend on my sense of all the *Kindness* over and above all the *Justice* you shall do me.

I never read a thing with more pleasure than an additional sheet to 4) Jervas's preface to Don Quixote. Before I got over two paragraphs I cried out, *Aut Erasmus aut diabolus!* I knew you as certainly as the ancients did the Gods by the first pace and the very gait. I have not a moment to express myself in, but could not omit this which delighted me so greatly.

My Law - suit with L. is at an end. — Adieu! Believe no man can be more yours. Call me by any title you will but a *Doctor of Oxford*; *Sit tibi cura mei, sit tibi cura tui.*

4) On the origin of the books of Chivalry.

LETTER LXVI.

Jan. 18, 1742

I Am forced to grow every day more laconic in my letters, for my eyesight grows every day shorter and dimmer. Forgive me then that I answer you summarily. I can even less bear an equal part in a correspondence than in a conversation with you. But be assured once for all, the more I read of you, as the more I hear from you, the better I am instructed and pleased. And this misfortune of my own dulness, and my own absence, only quickens my ardent wish that some good fortune would draw you nearer, and enable me to enjoy both, for a greater part of our lives in this neighbourhood; and in such a situation, as might make more beneficial friends, than I, esteem and enjoy you equally. — I have again heard from Lord * * and another hand, that the Lord † writ to you of, declares an intention to serve you. My answer (which they related to him) was, that he would be sure of your acquaintance for life, if once he served, or obliged you; but that, I was certain, you would never trouble him with your expectation, tho' he would never get rid of your gratitude. — Dear Sir, adieu, and let me be sometimes certified of your health. My own is as usual; and my affection the same, always yours.

†) L. Granville.

LETTER LXVII.

Twitenham, March 24, 1743

I Write to you amongst the very few I now desire to have my Friends, merely, *Si valeas, valeo*. 'Tis in effect all I say: but it is very literally true, for I place all that makes my life desirable in their welfare. I may truly affirm, that vanity or interest have not the least share in any friendship I have; or cause me now to cultivate that of any one man by any one letter. But if any motive should draw me to flatter a great man, it would be to save the friend I would have him serve from doing it. Rather than lay a deserving person under the necessity of it, I would hazard my own character and keep his in dignity. Tho', in truth, I live in a time when no measures of conduct influence the success of one's applications, and the best thing to trust to is chance and opportunity.

I only meant to tell you, I am wholly yours, how few words so ever I make of it. — A greater pleasure to me is, that I chanced to make Mr. Allen so, who is not only worth more than — intrinsically; but, I foresee, will be effectually more a comfort and glory to you every year you live. My confidence in any man less truly great than an honest one is but small. —

I have lived much by myself of late, partly thro' ill health, and partly to amuse myself with little improvements in my garden and house, to which possibly I shall (if I live) be soon more confined. When the *Dunciad* may be published I know not. I am more desirous of carrying on the best, that is your edition of the rest of the *Epistles* and *Essay on Criticism*, &c. I know it is there I shall be seen most to advantage.

But I insist on one condition, that you never think of this when you can employ yourself in finishing that noble work of the *Divine Legation* (which is what, above all, *iterum iterumque monebo* 5) or any other useful scheme of your own. It would be a satisfaction to me at present only to hear that you have supported your health among these epidemical disorders, which, tho' not mortal to any of my friends, have afflicted almost every one.

LETTER LXVIII.

June 5.

I Wish that, instead of writing to you once in two months, I could do you some service as often; for I am arrived to an age when I am as sparing of words as most old men are of money, though I daily find less occasion for any. But I live in a time when benefits are not in the power of an honest man to bestow; nor indeed of an honest man to receive, considering on what terms they are generally to be had. It is certain you have a full right to any I could do you, who not only monthly, but weekly of late, have loaded me with favours of that kind, which are most acceptable to veteran Authors; those garlands which a Commentator weaves to hang about his Poet, and which are flowers both of his own gathering and painting too; not blossoms springing from the dry Author.

It is very unreasonable after this, to give you a second trouble in revising the 6) *Essay on Homer*

5) Either, his Friendship for the Editor, or his Love of Religion, made him have this very much at Heart; and almost the last Words he said to the Editor as he was dying, was the conjuring him to finish the last Volume.

6) The Editor did revise and correct it as it now stands in the last edition.

But I look upon you as one sworn to suffer no errors in me: and tho' the common way with a Commentator be to erect them into beauties, the best office of a Critic is to correct and amend them. There being a new edition coming out of *Homer*, I would willingly render it a little less defective, and the bookseller will not allow me time to do so myself. —

Lord B. returns to France very speedily, and it is possible I may go for three weeks or a month to Mr. Allen's in the summer; of which I will not fail to advertise you, if it suits your conveniency to be there and drink the waters more beneficially.

Forgive my scribbling so hastily and so ill. My eyes are at least as bad as my head: and it is with my heart only that I can pretend to be, to any real purpose,
Your, &c.

LETTER LXIX.

July 18.

YOU may well expect letters from me of thanks: but the kind attention you shew to every thing that concerns me is so manifest, and so repeated, that you cannot but tell yourself how necessarily I must pay them in my heart, which makes it almost impertinent to say so. Your alterations to the Preface and Essay 7) are just: and none more obliging to me than where you prove your concern that my notions in my first writings should not be repugnant to those in my last. And you will have the charity to think, when I was then in an error, it was not so much that I thought wrong or perversely, as that I had not thought sufficiently. What I could correct

7) Prefix'd to his *Homer's Iliad*.

in the dissipated life I am forced to lead here, I have : and some there are which still want your help to be made as they should be, — Mr. Allen depends on you at the end of the next month or in September, and I will join him as soon as I can return from the other party. I believe not till September at soonest. — You will pardon me (dear Sir) for writing to you but just like an attorney or agent. I am more concerned for your Finances ⁸) than your Fame: because the first, I fear, you will never be concerned about yourself; the second is secure to you already, and (whether you will or not) will follow you.

I have never said one word to you of the public. I have known the greater world too long to be very sanguine. But accidents and occasions may do what virtue would not; and God send they may! Adieu. Whatever becomes of public Virtue, let us preserve our own poor share of the private. Be assured, if I have any, I am with a true sense of your merit and friendship, &c.

LETTER LXX.

Octob. 7.

I Heartily thank you for yours, from which I learn'd your safe arrival. And that you found all yours in health, was a kind addition to the account; as I truly am interested in whatever is, and deserves to be dear to you, and to make a part of your happiness. I have many reasons and experiences to convince me, how much you wish health to me, as well as long life to my writings. Could you make as much a better man of me as you can make a better author,

⁸) His debt from the Executor of Mr. G.

I were secure of Immortality both here and hereafter by your means. The Dunciad I have ordered to be advertised in quarto. Pray order as many of them as you will; and know that whatever is mine is yours.

L E T T E R LXXI.

Jan. 12, 1743.

An unwillingness to write nothing to you whom I respect; and worse than nothing (which would afflict you) to one who wishes me so well, has hitherto kept me silent. Of the Public I can tell you nothing worthy the reflection of a reasonable man; and of myself only an account that would give you pain; for my asthma has increased every week since you last heard from me, to the degree of confining me totally to the fire-side; so that I have hardly seen any of my friends but two, who happen to be divided from the world as much as myself, and are constantly retired at Battersea. There I have past most of my time, and often wish'd you of the company, as the best I know to make me not regret the loss of all others, and to prepare me for a nobler scene than any mortal greatness can open to us. I fear by the account you gave me of the time you design to come this way, one of them (whom I much wish you had a glimpse of) will be gone again, unless you pass some weeks in London before Mr. Allen arrives there in March. My present indisposition takes up almost all my hours, to render a very few of them supportable: yet I go on softly to prepare the great Edition of my Things with your notes, and as fast as I receive any from you, I add others in order. —

I am told the Laureat is going to publish a very abusive pamphlet. That is all I can desire; it is enough, if it be abusive and if it be his. He threatens you; but, I think, you will not fear or love him so much as to answer him, though you have answered one or two as dull. He will be more to me than a dose of hartshorn: and as a stink revives one who has been oppressed with perfumes, his railing will cure me of a course of flatteries.

I am much more concerned to hear that some of your Clergy are offended at a verse or two of mine *g*), because I have a respect for *your* Clergy, (though the verses are harder upon *ours*.) But if they do not blame *you* for defending those verses, I will wrap myself up in the layman's cloak, and sleep under your shield.

I am sorry to find by a letter two posts since from Mr. Allen, that he is not quite recovered yet of all remains of his indisposition, nor Mrs. Allen quite well. Don't be discouraged from telling me how you are: for no man is more yours than, &c.

LETTER LXXII.

IF I was not ashamed to be so behind hand with you, that I can never pretend to fetch it up (any more than I could in my present state, to overtake you in a race) I would particularize which of your letters I should have answered first. It must suffice to say I have received them all; and whatever very little respites I have had, from the daily care of my malady, have been employed in revising the papers *on the use of Riches*, which I would have ready for

g) Ver. 355 to 358. second book of the Dunciad.

your last revise, against you come to town, that they may be begun with while you are here. — I own, the late encroachments upon my constitution make me willing to see the end of all further care about me or my works. I would rest for the one, in a full resignation of my being to be disposed of by the Father of all mercy; and for the other (though indeed a trifle, yet a trifle may be some example) I would commit them to the candour of a sensible and reflecting judge, rather than to the malice of every short-sighted and malevolent critic, or inadvertent and censorious reader. And no hand can set them in so good a light, or so well turn their best side to the day as your own. This obliges me to confess I have for some months thought myself going, and that not slowly, down the hill. The rather as every attempt of the physicians, and still the last medicines more forceable in their nature, have utterly fail'd to serve me. I was at last, about seven days ago, taken with so violent a fit at Battersea, that my friends Lord M. and Lord B. sent for present help to the surgeon; whose bleeding me, I am persuaded, saved my life, by the instantaneous effect it had; and which has continued so much to amend me, that I have pass'd five days without oppression, and recovered, what I have three months wanted, some degree of expectoration, and some hours together of sleep. I am now got to Twickenham, to try if the air will not take some part in reviving me, if I can avoid colds; and between that place and Battersea with my Lord B. I will pass what I have of life, while he stays (which I can tell you, to my great satisfaction will be this fortnight or three weeks yet.) What if you came before Mr. Allen, and staid till then, instead of postponing your journey longer? Pray, if you write, just tell him how ill I have been, or I had wrote again to him: But that I will do, the first day I find

myself alone with pen, ink, and paper, which I can hardly be even here, or in any spirits yet to hold a pen. You see I say nothing, and yet this writing is labour to me. I am, &c.

L E T T E R LXXIII.

April 1744.

I Am sorry to meet you with so bad an account of myself, who should otherwise with joy have flown to the interview. I am too ill to be in town; and within this week so much worse, as to make my journey thither, at present, impracticable, even if there was no Proclamation in my way. I left the Town in a decent compliance to that; but this additional prohibition from the highest of all powers I must bow to without murmuring. I wish to see you here. Mr. Allen comes not till the 16th, and you will probably chuse to be in town chiefly while he is there. I received yours just now, and I writ to hinder — from printing the Comment on the *Use of Riches* too hastily, since what you write me, intending to have forwarded it otherwise, that you might revise it during your stay. Indeed my present weakness will make me less and less capable of any thing. I hope at least, now at first, to see you for a day or two here at Twickenham, and concert measures how to enjoy for the future what I can of your friendship 9.)

9) He died May 30. following.

(*N. B. The Originals, with which these letters have been collated by the Bookseller, are now in his hands.*)

THE
LAST WILL
AND
TESTAMENT
OF
ALEXANDER POPE,
of TWICKENHAM, Esq.

VOL. X.

L

LAST WILL

AND

TESTAMENT

ALEXANDER POPE

OF LINCOLN'S INN

T H E
LAST WILL and TESTAMENT
O F
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN.
I Alexander Pope, of Twickenham, in the county of Middlesex, make this my last Will and Testament. I resign my Soul to its Creator in all humble hope of its future happiness, as in the disposal of a Being infinitely good. As to my Body, my will is, that it be buried near the monument of my dear Parents at Twickenham, with the addition, after the words *filius fecit* — of these only, *et sibi: Qui obiit anno 17 — ætatis* — and that it be carried to the grave by six of the poorest men of the parish, to each of whom I order a suit of grey coarse cloth, as mourning. If I happen to die at any inconvenient distance, let the same be done in any other parish, and the Inscription be added on the monument at Twickenham. I hereby make and appoint my particular friends, Allen lord Bathurst, Hugh earl of Marchmont, the honourable William Murray his Majesty's solicitor general, and George Arbuthnot, of the court of Exchequer, Esq. the survivors or survivor of them, Executors of this my last Will and Testament.

But all the manuscript and unprinted papers which I shall leave at my decease, I desire may be delivered to my noble Friend, Henry St. John, lord Bolingbroke, to whose sole care and judgment I commit them, either to be preserved or destroyed; or, in case he shall not survive me, to the abovesaid Earl of Marchmont. These, who in the course of my life

have done me all other good offices, will not refuse me this last after my Death: I leave them therefore this trouble, as a mark of my trust and friendship; only desiring them each to accept of some small memorial of me: That my lord Bolingbroke will add to his library all the volumes of my Works and Translations of Homer, bound in red morocco, and the eleven volumes of those of Erasmus: That my lord Marchmont will take the large paper edition of Thuanus, by Buckley, and that portrait of Lord Bolingbroke, by Richardson, which he shall prefer: That my lord Bathurst will find a place for the three statues of the Hercules of Farnese, the Venus of Medici, and the Apollo in chiaro oscuro, done by Kneeller: That Mr. Murray will accept of the marble head of Homer, by Bernini; and of Sir Isaac Newton, by Guelfi: and that Mr. Arbuthnot will take the Watch I commonly wore, which the King of Sardinia gave to the late Earl of Peterborow, and he to me on his death-bed; together with one of the pictures of Lord Bolingbroke.

Item, I desire Mr. Lyttelton to accept of the busts of Spencer, Shakespear, Milton, and Dryden, in marble, which his royal master the Prince was pleased to give me. I give and devise my library of printed books to Ralph Allen, of Widcombe, Esq. and to the Reverend Mr. William Warburton, or to the survivor of them (when those belonging to Lord Bolingbroke are taken out, and when Mrs. Martha Blount has chosen Threescore out of the number.) I also give and bequeath to the said Mr. Warburton the property of all such of my Works already printed, as he hath written, or shall write Commentaries or Notes upon, and which I have not otherwise disposed of, or alienated; and all the profits which shall arise after my death from such editions as he shall publish without future alterations.

Item, in case Ralph Allen, Esq. abovesaid shall survive me, I order my Executors to pay him the sum of One hundred and fifty pounds, being, to the best of my calculation, the account of what I have received from him; partly for my own, and partly for charitable uses. If he refuse to take this himself, I desire him to employ it in a way, I am persuaded, he will not dislike, to the benefit of the Bath hospital.

I give and devise to my sister-in-law, Mrs. Magdalen Racket, the sum of Three hundred pounds; and to her sons, Henry, and Robert Racket, One hundred pounds each. I also release, and give to her all my right and interest in and upon a bond of Five hundred pounds due to me from her son Michael. I also give her the family pictures of my Father, Mother, and Aunts, and the diamond ring my Mother wore and her golden watch. I give to Erasmus Lewis, Gilbert West, Sir Clement Cotterell, William Rollinson, Nathaniel Hook, Esqrs. and to Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot, to each the sum of Five pounds, to be laid out in a ring, or any memorial of me; and to my servant, John Searl, who has faithfully and ably served me many years, I give and devise the sum of One hundred pounds over and above a year's wages to himself, and his wife; and to the Poor of the parish of Twickenham, Twenty pounds, to be divided among them by the said John Searl: And it is my Will, if the said John Searl die before me, that the said sum of One hundred pounds go to his wife or children,

Item, I give, and devise to Mrs. Martha Blount, younger daughter of Mrs. Martha Blount, late of Welbeck - Street, Cavendish - Square, the sum of One thousand pounds immediately on my decease: and all the furniture of my grotto, urns in my garden, household goods, chattels, plate, or whatever is not otherwise disposed of in this my Will, I give and de-

vise to the said Mrs. Martha Blount, out of a sincere regard, and long friendship for her. And it is my will, that my abovesaid Executors, the survivors or survivor of them, shall take an account of all my estate, money, or bonds, &c. and, after paying my debts and legacies, shall place out all the residue upon government, or other securities, according to their best judgment; and pay the produce thereof, half-yearly, to the said Mrs. Martha Blount, during her natural life: And after her decease, I give the sum of One thousand pounds to Mrs. Magdalen Racket, and her sons Robert, Henry, and John, to be divided equally among them, or to the survivors or survivor of them; and after the decease of the said Mrs. Martha Blount, I give the sum of Two hundred pounds to the abovesaid Gilbert West; Two hundred to Mr. George Arbuthnot; Two hundred to his sister, Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot; and One hundred to my servant, John Searl, to which soever of these shall be then living: And all the residue and remainder to be considered as undisposed of, and go to my next of kin.

This is my last Will and Testament, written with my own Hand, and sealed with my Seal, this Twelfth day of December, in the year of our Lord, One thousand, seven hundred and forty-three.

A L E X. P O P E.

Signed, Sealed, and Declared
by the Testator, as his last
Will and Testament, in Pre-
sence of us,

R A D N O R.

S T E P H E N H A L E S, Minister of Teddington.

J O S E P H S P E N C E, Professor of History in the
University of Oxford.

Pope, Alexander, 1688-1744

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